THE LITERARY DIGEST

(Title registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries)

PUBLIC OPINION, *New York*, and CURRENT OPINION, *New York*, combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST
(Titles registered in U. S. Patent Office)

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TOPICS ▾ OF ▾ THE ▾ DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

REPEAL ON TOP IN A 1,244,483-VOTE MAIL-BAG

BUT THE SOUTH HASN'T SPOKEN yet, and it's still anybody's race!

To-day it appears from the latest and largest tabulation of the DIGEST's 20,000,000-ballot Prohibition poll that, roughly speaking, modification comes down a peg, enforcement comes down half a peg, and repeal goes up a peg and a half.

Next week, of course, it may be enforcement or modification that comes out crowing on top of the heap. But that'll be another story.

While both drys and wets are storming us with ballots and clamoring for more, the returns on this page seem to be a shade or two more humid than those of last week. "Seem to be," because we prudently refrain from making any arithmetical deductions of our own. Let the poll fans with their pencils make the deductions, THE DIGEST is content to furnish the figures—so we cheerfully pass the balloting totals out to our readers as fast as they can be computed and verified by our expert calculators.

And already some of the keenest statistical minds in the country have been sifting and analyzing our earlier returns in quest of golden grains of prophecy. Some of the first fruits of this erudite research will be given presently—notably the deductions of Prof. Walter F. Willcox, of Cornell University.

But first our nation-wide army of poll fans will be for scanning the high spots of the new and more voluminous returns tabulated here. THE DIGEST is gratified, at this early stage of the canvass, to be able to present a tabulation of almost a million and a quarter ballots in one block. Our readers will see at a glance that they come from the same twenty States, plus the same damp little District of Columbia, that made up last week's roster of 703,935 votes.

They will see, further, that Kansas still stands like the Rock of Gibraltar for Prohibition enforcement "as is." The imposing mass of its dry vote in ratio to the population of the State, will go far toward squashing any sporadic local rumors that "the drys are not voting." For Kansas, the supreme citadel of Prohibition, is voting magnificently, and from no State do we receive more heartfelt petitions for extra ballots in bulk—petitions which we are obliged to deny, as previously explained, to preserve the integrity of our system for the impersonal distribution of ballots.

It will be seen that devoted Kansas is still the only State whose vote for enforcement outnumbers its combined votes for modification and repeal. The drys not voting? Listen to this exultant war-whoop from the esteemed Wichita *Beacon:*

"Kansas, by a nation-wide survey of THE LITERARY DIGEST and through the Prohibition poll being taken by *The Beacon*, is revealed as more keenly interested in law and order than any other State from which tabulations have been received.

"Kansas Prohibition sentiment leads the nation.

"While other States were registering disapproval of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Law, the people of Kansas were voting practically three to one in favor of the continuance and strict enforcement of the law that has outlawed liquor.

"As Kansas is dry, so stays America."

Eight other States, it will be seen, have a preference for Prohibition enforcement to the extent that their votes for it are larger than their votes for either modification or repeal—but

THIRD REPORT OF THE LITERARY DIGEST PROHIBITION POLL

State	*For Enforcement*	*For Modification*	*For Repeal*	*Total*
CALIFORNIA	24,150	27,086	28,742	79,978
CONNECTICUT	2,294	4,343	7,571	14,208
DIST. OF COLUMBIA	1,342	1,636	2,694	5,672
GEORGIA	4,061	3,321	3,503	10,885
ILLINOIS	30,721	40,318	59,341	130,380
INDIANA	19,779	14,664	14,608	49,051
IOWA	17,812	12,298	11,449	41,559
KANSAS	17,957	6,823	4,900	29,680
MICHIGAN	18,707	20,302	27,677	66,686
MINNESOTA	17,661	17,530	21,896	57,087
MISSOURI	18,950	15,601	24,364	58,915
NEBRASKA	8,812	5,880	5,263	19,955
NEW JERSEY	15,365	26,811	43,374	85,550
NEW YORK	42,800	88,598	139,912	271,310
NORTH DAKOTA	2,289	2,008	2,196	6,493
OHIO	34,990	36,172	37,471	108,633
OREGON	5,109	4,176	3,173	12,458
PENNSYLVANIA	31,585	34,534	64,505	130,624
SOUTH DAKOTA	2,664	2,015	1,674	6,353
WASHINGTON	7,928	7,728	6,718	22,374
WISCONSIN	9,002	11,273	16,357	36,632
	333,978	383,117	527,388	1,244,483

THE QUESTIONS

1. Do you favor the continuance and strict enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment and Volstead Law?
2. Do you favor a modification of the Volstead Law to permit light wines and beers?
3. Do you favor a repeal of the Prohibition Amendment?

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smaller than those two votes combined. These eight dry or near-dry States are Georgia, Indiana, Iowa, Nebraska, North Dakota, Oregon, South Dakota, and Washington.

North Dakota, it will be noticed, has slipt into a drier attitude since last week, when its vote for repeal slightly outnumbered its vote for enforcement.

As for those perennial fountains, Illinois, New Jersey, New York, and Pennsylvania, they are still spouting the wettest kind of ballots, with no sign of a let-up, while sunny California still throws her weight into the repeal column, and further contributions to the dominant repeal total are furnished by Connecticut, the District of Columbia, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Ohio, and Wisconsin.

But altho the wets undeniably have the best of it in this tabulation, let it be remembered that the poll is still in its infancy. Many States remain to be heard from, and immense dry areas have yet to be given a voice. Mail-bags, swollen with ballots and letters, are being dumped by the dozen in THE DIGEST headquarters. The mere work of sorting the mail is prodigious and time-consuming. No mind can foresee what the next tabulation may disclose, or how soon the drys may turn the tables on their opponents and change the poll into a neck-and-neck race. So let's all wait for the last lap, and may the best cause win!

Here we repeat some incomplete returns from twenty-three cities, as announced over the National Broadcasting Company's chain by Floyd Gibbons, in New York, and by John Barry, in San Francisco:

City	*Enf.*	*Mod.*	*Rep.*
Asbury Park	208	249	356
Camden	681	784	1,954
Cedar Rapids	547	706	627
Cincinnati	1,833	5,074	6,524
Cleveland	3,363	6,062	8,369
Columbus	2,272	3,043	2,639
Davenport	378	786	1,275
Dayton	1,360	1,791	1,673
Des Moines	1,776	1,163	996
Evansville	336	425	771
Fort Wayne	537	975	1,048
Greenwich, Conn	89	184	449
Indianapolis	1,518	1,832	1,645
Kansas City, Kan	503	299	417
Kansas City, Mo	3,615	2,251	1,519
Lincoln	1,249	487	298
Minneapolis	5,025	5,415	7,119
Montclair	358	487	712
St. Louis	3,560	8,308	17,813
St. Paul	1,989	2,995	4,270
Topeka	1,086	430	432
Trenton	584	791	1,583
Wichita	889	529	339

In presenting these figures, the New York *World* remarks on "a preponderance of wet sentiment" in twenty of the cities, and points out that only in Topeka, Wichita, and Lincoln did the votes for enforcement exceed the combined totals for repeal and modification.

Which leads us back to the statisticians. Professor Willcox, who stands in the front rank of that sage fraternity, concludes from our first tabulation of ten States, according to an Ithaca dispatch in the New York *Herald Tribune*, that "there is a strong possibility that national sentiment for a change in the law will be sufficiently strong in four years to make legislative action a possibility." He reaches this conclusion by comparing our returns of two weeks ago with the returns from the same ten States in a Prohibition poll on a much smaller scale which THE DIGEST conducted in 1922.

"If one assumes," he is quoted as saying, "that the same persons balloted now as eight years ago, then between 20 and 30 per cent. have changed their opinions in the interval to or toward the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. It seems probable that both ballotings were by similar groups. If so, the great shift of opinion in eight years toward a change in the law is almost undeniable." Quoting the professor in full, the dispatch continues:

"The new poll conducted by THE LITERARY DIGEST gives better evidence than we have had before about the change in public opinion.

"The first point to examine is: Do these early returns indicate what the final returns will be? Eight years ago the early returns, both for New York and for the United States, were within less than three points of the final per cents eight weeks later, and these early returns, being much more numerous, are likely to be still nearer the final results. In all there are 286,000 ballots of eight years ago to be compared with 292,000."

Here the Professor presents three tables showing the percentages of the votes in 1922 and 1930 in relation to enforcement, modification, and repeal. Then he continues:

"Certain results stand out so clearly that they are not likely to be changed materially by later returns.

"1. In every State the swing of opinion has been toward the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.

"2. That swing was least in Kansas and greatest in New Jersey and New York; in each of these two about one-half of those balloting are now in favor of repeal.

"3. The proportion desiring some change, either modification or repeal, has risen from 62 per cent., eight years ago, to 72 per cent. now.

"4. There is a close relation between the proportion of the balloters who desire repeal and the proportion of the population who live in cities. Kansas and Nebraska, at one end of the scale, have the smallest; Illinois, New Jersey, and New York, at the other end, have the largest proportion of urban population.

"5. If these figures represent not only the persons balloting or the States in which they live, but the whole country, then a continuation of the same rate of change for about four years more would result in fully half of the population being in favor of repealing the Eighteenth Amendment."

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT?

Test your knowledge by the questions below. If you can not answer them, turn to the pages indicated. Each one counts 5.

1. How much has Babe Ruth made from baseball? (p. 40).
2. What chemicals are used in artificial refrigeration? (p. 17).
3. What was the highest price offered for a toothbrush? (p. 21).
4. How many churches, synagogs and mosques have been closed in Russia during the last twelve years? (p. 22).
5. What boats navigate on land? (p. 18).
6. What great astronomer is responsible for the discovery of the new planet? (p. 8).
7. What New York magistrate was recently ousted? (p. 10).
8. Who imitated the kangaroo leap in music? (p. 20).
9. About how many lepers are there in this country? (p. 18).
10. How far away is the new planet? (p. 9).
11. Name the planets. (p. 9).
12. Who led the Senate fight for book censorship? (p. 11).
13. What new religion has been founded in Indo-China? (p. 24).
14. Who painted "The Giggling Boats"? (p. 19).
15. Have the ants a fire-brigade? (p. 16).
16. What city is known as the "Monte Carlo of the Orient"? (p. 14).
17. How will Russian atheists celebrate Easter? (p. 22).
18. What is an *ashram?* (p. 24).
19. In what Oriental country is war regarded as a festival? (p. 15).
20. What is the present total of world unemployment? (p. 15).

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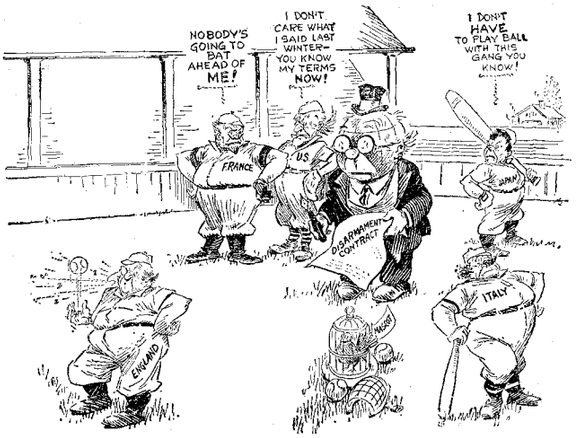
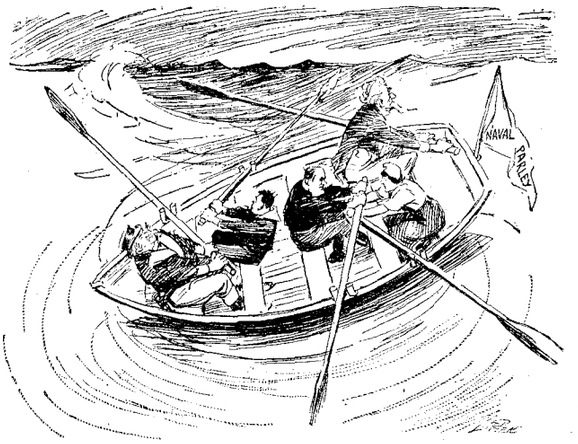

NOBODY'S GOING TO BAT AHEAD OF ME!
I DON'T CARE WHAT I SAID LAST WINTER— YOU KNOW MY TERMS NOW!
I DON'T HAVE TO PLAY BALL WITH THIS GANG YOU KNOW!
FRANCE
U.S.
JAPAN
DISARMAMENT CONTRACT
ENGLAND
ITALY

SPEAKING OF SPRING HOLDOUTS!

—Talburt in the Washington *Daily News.*

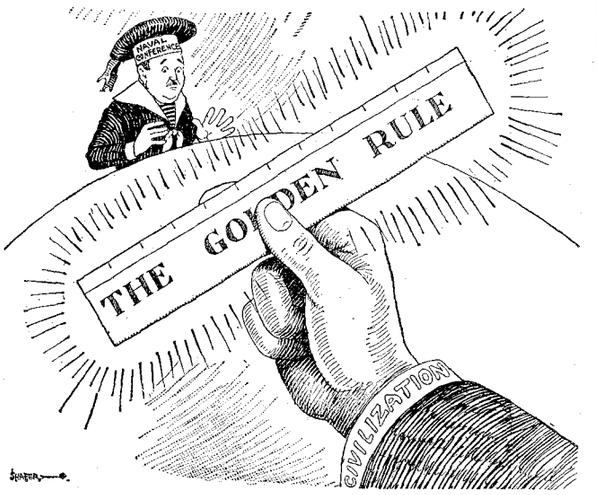


'ROUND AND 'ROUND

—Pease in the Newark *News.*

"DO MY OLD EYES DECEIVE ME—OR DID IT MOVE?"

—Duffy in the Baltimore *Sun.*



IN SEARCHING FOR A NAVAL YARDSTICK, DON'T FORGET THE FOOT-RULE

—Shafer in the Cincinnati *Times-Star.*

LOTS OF CACKLING, BUT NO EGGS

—Bushnell in the Cincinnati *Enquirer.*

THE FUNERAL PROCESSION SEEMS DELAYED

—Alley in the Memphis *Commercial Appeal.*

PARITY'S PERPLEXING PUZZLE PICTORIALLY PORTRAYED

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A NEW PLANET SWIMS INTO OUR KEN

TO FIND ANOTHER PLANET in our sun's heavenly family where it ought to be, rewards the scientists who have been twenty-five years hunting for it with telescope and camera. Mathematics did it, they declare.

To suggest the thrill this discovery of a new world-brother brings to the rest of us once in a lifetime, a surprizingly large number of editors take to quoting poetry from Keats:

"Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken."

The earliest thrill of discovery came to a Kansas boy, Clyde Tombaugh, who sighted the planetary speck on camera plates he was developing in the Lowell Observatory at Flagstaff, Arizona.

He tells the world about it through the Associated Press, naively:

"How would you feel if you saw a new world giving you the high sign from beyond the rim of the solar system? That is what happened to me in the dark room when I was running another bunch of photo-plates through the machine.

"Just a strange flicker of starlight in a routine day's work.

"Excited? I should say so. That is no word for it. I just didn't know what to do or think, or how to act.

"Sure, I was the first to see it, but the whole Lowell staff has been working on it for a quarter of a century.

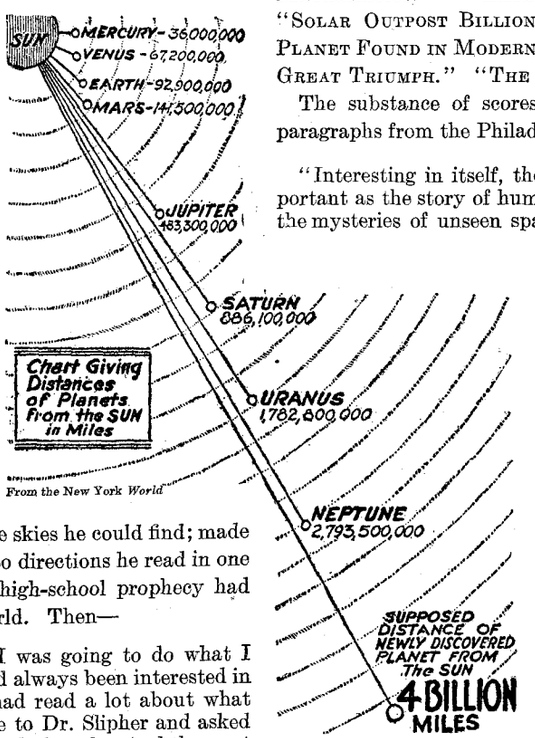
"I was just lucky. That was all there was to it.

"And what did the others say when I called them in to see it? Well, you know how these astronomers are. They are used to thinking in terms of millions of years and millions of miles.

"They weren't excited.

"They said it might possibly be the lurking Lowell planet, but they would have to watch it further to check it with data they had been gathering so long.

"This happened February 18, and we have all been working on it ever since. Only last night (March 14) did they feel sure enough about it to make an announcement—and even yet, there might be a mistake, but we don't think so."



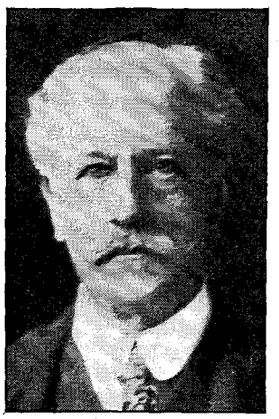
From the New York *World*

"You know I'm not a real astronomer—guess you couldn't call me one at all," Tombaugh continues. But he has always been much interested in stars. Back on the Kansas farm his uncle used to tell him about them; he got all the books about stars and the skies he could find; made lenses and a rude telescope according to directions he read in one book; recalls that a "kid sister" in high-school prophecy had sized him up as discovering a new world. Then—

"One day last fall I just decided I was going to do what I wanted to do most in the world. I had always been interested in Lowell Observatory at Flagstaff. I had read a lot about what they had done there. So I just wrote to Dr. Slipher and asked for a job, telling him I would do any kind of work. And they put me to work on the dome, in which I later took the picture which revealed this new planet.

"I guess I'll just keep on taking pictures of stars. That is what I like to do. I am studying Mars and the moon now. There is enough here to keep me busy for a long time."

Of course, the greatest credit for this discovery must go to the late Percival Lowell, mathematician and astronomer, says Director Harlow Shapley of the Harvard Observatory. For it was Lowell, who by studying apparent effects on the planet Uranus, was able to point roughly to the direction of the new member-planet, and through his inspiration, the administrators of his observatory at Flagstaff have carried on and completed his task. According to Dr. Shapley, "the individual who first saw the spot on the photographic plate is no more to be credited for the discovery than the look-out-boy who first sighted land from Columbus's ship is to be credited with discovering America."



PERCIVAL LOWELL

The significance of the find, reported to the Harvard Observatory from the Lowell Observatory for announcement, Director Shapley points out, is—

"First, it shows the value of the scientific method and is a triumph for the mathematical prediction.

"Second, it appeals to one's feeling of expansiveness to realize that the known size of our solar system is now doubled.

"And to the astronomer it has a third significance in that it may throw more light on the origin of the solar system, and may solve the problem of the origin of our own earth."

Semi-snappy news and editorial head-lines reflect the variety of sensations produced on learning that there are nine instead of eight known major planets in the solar system to which our earth belongs:

"LOOK, WHO'S HERE!" "SCIENTISTS SPY PLANET HUNTED FOR 25 YEARS; ASTRONOMERS BELIEVE IT'S BIG AND COLD." "ROMANCE OF THE SKIES." "INCREASE IN SOLAR FAMILY." "MAN FINDS ANOTHER WORLD." "DRAMATIC TRIBUTE TO MATHEMATICS." "EXTENDING THE STARRY FRONTIER." "SOLAR OUTPOST BILLION MILES PAST NEPTUNE." "THIRD PLANET FOUND IN MODERN TIMES." "AMERICAN ASTRONOMY'S GREAT TRIUMPH." "THE HEAVENS ARE TELLING."

The substance of scores of editorials is contained in these paragraphs from the Philadelphia *Record:*

"Interesting in itself, the announcement is not nearly so important as the story of human research, of human triumph over the mysteries of unseen space, which lies behind the news.

"The ancients knew six planets. They had never 'discovered' any, because they were all visible to the naked eye.

"The seventh was located accidentally in 1781, by Herschel. He was aimlessly sweeping the skies with a telescope—and found Uranus.

"The eighth was discovered mathematically by Leverrier in 1846. The path of Uranus had been showing deviations. Leverrier decided that an unknown planet was causing these deviations, calculated the spot where it must be—and a telescope turned upon that spot found Neptune.

"Research growing ever harder—from the simple calculations and conjectures of the ancients, as they stared up without the help of instruments, to abstruse and complicated mathematics guiding the telescope.

"Disturbances in the orbits of both Uranus and Neptune have caused astronomers to look for the just-discovered planet for twenty-five years.

"The triumph is not the identifying of the tiny speck which is another and a vaster world, but the verification of the existence of a body which science long ago declared must be there."

Curious, even excited, tho we may be, warns the Hartford

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Courant, "for practical purposes, the new planet is a dead loss":

"We can do no more with it than we have been able to accomplish with its gaseous fellows, Neptune, Uranus, Saturn, and Jupiter, or with those more solid members of the system, Mars, Venus, and Mercury. It lies, as nearly as astronomers can calculate, more than four billion miles away from us. How much can we on earth hope to learn of this new monster, we who have as yet found no way to bridge the paltry astronomical distance that separates us from the moon?

"The planets are part of the glamour of life, chiefly because they are at present unattainable, partly because we cherish the belief that perhaps two of them, in addition to our own, may be inhabited. Consequently, new information regarding them is to be valued, not only for its scientific value, but for what it contributes to the romance of living. We, who are residents of a planet, third in size from the end of the solar list, welcome our newly discovered big brother, and prepare for the task of finding a name for him in the already much-depleted list of classical appellations."

Speaking of names, the Chicago *Daily News* is first to suggest that for this "notable cosmic catch completing the big-league planetary nine," it would be fitting to call "the starry outfielder," Babe Ruth. Other papers would substitute "Lowell" for the temporary "Trans-Neptunian Planet." The New York *World* indorses without reservation the suggestion of the New York *Times*, that "if another Olympian name is to be given, why not Minerva—the planet that sprang to human view full-panoplied from the mind of man?"

Since Neptune is estimated to be 2,793,000,000 miles from the sun as against our 92,900,000, and receives but one-nine-hundredth of the light of the sun, scientists conclude that sunlight on this planet 1,000,000,000 miles farther out, can hardly exceed moonlight. And temperature must be lower than on Neptune, so that nitrogen will be solid and oxygen, if not solid, at least a dense cloud. No humans could live under such conditions. Furthermore, it is figured that compared with the yearly revolution of our earth the Trans-Neptunian Planet's revolution would take "probably 300 to 600 years."

International Newsreel photograph

HE SAW IT FIRST

Clyde Tombaugh, and a telescope he made.

To locate the planet involved making a comparison of photographs of particular sections of the heavens taken at different times, the science editor of the Brooklyn *Eagle* explains. Stars are relatively motionless. But when some point of light appears in a slightly different position on one plate from another, it indicates a planet or comet. A machine-shutter changes the view from one plate to the other, and thus reveals any motion of the point of light back and forth. Measurements of the changes in position tell the story.

The discovery of the long-predicted planet is not particularly significant, compared to others of stupendous importance, such as Einstein's theory that "space between the stars is curved, just as the surface of the earth is curved," according to the Emporia *Gazette:*

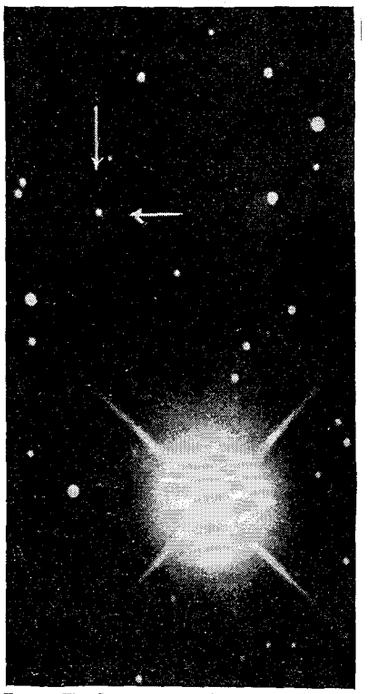
"The discovery of the little planet beyond Neptune is interesting, but is of the same relative importance that a dime found in the vest pocket of last winter's suit bears to the French national debt."

On the other hand many papers see important evidence of the reign of law in the nature of an orderly universe. To quote the Milwaukee *Journal:*

"New confirmation that the astronomers' study of the heavens is revealing not guesses but the truth; new proof that the laws that hold down here, where we can put a measuring rod on our calculations to check them, hold also throughout the universe.

"And how about science and God, since to so many it still seems that science is trying to upset faith?

"Why, a man must be very dull indeed, who does not find in this proof that nature's laws do not vary a new reason for reverence. The motions of the planets they have seen led men to believe there are others they have not seen, since otherwise the law must fail.



Keystone View Company photograph

THE PLANET PHOTOGRAPHED

The arrows point to the new planet. The bright star, with crossed lines, is Delta Gaminora, used as a guide in the search.

"Is man's idea of God lessened because we learn enough of His laws to discover bodies in the heavens not known to men in Bible times?

"Farther and farther we reach out into space; more and more minutely we subject particles to the microscope.

"And find what?

"That as far as we go, we can not reach beyond law, order, balance, harmony."

To check up on any possible inaccuracies that may be current, the Lowell Observatory contributes this authoritative statement to the New York *Times:*

"This discovery was in no sense an accident, for it resulted from a well organized search begun a quarter of a century ago as directed by Dr. Percival Lowell's mathematical findings, which convinced him a trans-Neptunian planet existed. His work extended over a decade, and led to much laborious searching, by the observatory staff, during his lifetime and since.

"Early last year the new Lawrence Lowell telescope, especially designed for carrying on the search for Lowell's predicted planet was brought into operation.

"Recently, on plates he made with his instrument, Mr. C. W. Tombaugh, assistant on the staff, found a very promising object. It has been since followed critically, especially by astronomer Lampland, with the large reflector, and has been visually observed with the large refractor by the various members of the staff.

"Its motion has been carefully analyzed and appears explainable only as due to a body beyond Neptune's orbit. Its great distance, faintness, and small apparent size, showing no planetary disk, leaves our knowledge of it based upon the critical analysis of its rate of motion and path. For seven weeks it has been kept faithfully to the expected course of a trans-Neptunian body, agreeing with Lowell's 1914 predictions.

"The object, even in large telescopes, looks sensibly like other faint stars, and it doubtless is a much smaller body than Neptune, whose diameter is 33,000 miles, or four times the diameter of the earth."

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A GAMBLER'S LOAN RUINS A JUDGE

"THE BLACK NEMESIS THAT WAS Arnold Rothstein, common gambler, brings down another victim" in Albert H. Vitale, New York City magistrate, who is stript of his robes because he accepted a $20,000 loan from this "tainted source."

In a unanimous decision, the full bench of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, we read, decided that in accepting the loan from Rothstein, Magistrate Vitale "acted in a manner to bring the court of which he was a member into disrepute, and to undermine public confidence in the administration of justice."

The day after Vitale's removal the special grand jury, which had been investigating the lower courts since January as a result of scorching attacks, made its report. The findings may be summarized in the headlines of the New York *Times:*

"'POLITICS' AND PETTY GRAFT IN MAGISTRATES' COURTS CHARGED BY GRAND JURY. LAXITY FOUND ON BENCH. PRESENTMENT CALLS FOR REORGANIZATION TO END MANY EVILS. ADVISES A CENTRAL COURT. WOULD BAR MAGISTRATES FROM POLITICAL CLUBS AND PUT THEM UNDER MORE DISCIPLINE. ATTENDANTS ARE ACCUSED. BUT EVIDENCE IS HELD LACKING FOR INDICTMENTS."

"The ousting of Vitale marked the first time in thirty years that a magistrate has been unseated," remarks *The Times.*

ROOM FOR A FEW MORE ON THAT LINE

—Pease in the Newark *News.*

It also tells us that when Vitale took the stand to describe, among other things, how he amassed $165,000 during four years on the bench, he was "flushed and seemingly as ill at ease as a novice witness in his own court." Later, when his lawyer, Max D. Steuer, "spoke in quivering tones of Vitale's honor and conduct," says the Brooklyn *Daily Times*, the Bronx judge was so shaken that "he cried as he sat a few feet behind Steuer." He was calm when the decision was read, however, "sitting in a front seat with his chin resting in his cupped hand, the only movement about him being the flash of a diamond ring as it reflected the light."

To review the developments which reached a climax in the blasting of Vitale's judicial career, we borrow again from the Brooklyn *Daily Times*, whose phrases also form an introduction for this article:

"Vitale's dealings with Rothstein were first brought to light during the Mayoralty campaign of last year, when Representative Fiorella La Guardia, Republican candidate for Mayor, accused the magistrate of having obtained a loan from Arnold Rothstein.

"Confronted with the charge, Vitale admitted the loan, but displayed his canceled check as evidence that it had been repaid.

"Vitale was again under fire and, at this time, by Police Commissioner Whalen, following the hold-up of guests at a home-coming dinner tendered in his honor, December 8, last, at the Roman Gardens Restaurant in the Bronx.

"As a result of charges made by Whalen at that time, the Appellate Division requested the Bar Association to begin an inquiry into Vitale's judicial conduct.

"After several weeks the Bar Association submitted its findings to the Appellate Division, and recommended that the magistrate be removed for his acceptance of the Rothstein loan.

"Vitale's sole defense was that he had acted in good faith in the Rothstein matter, that he needed the money to protect his investments in the stock market."

Altho it handed up no indictments, the special grand jury which investigated the magistrates' courts did find "some magistrates" guilty of indiscretion and laxity. The presentment says:

"*First*—It has been brought to our attention that some magistrates have been indiscreet and lax to a degree which might lead to improper inferences in one or more of the following particulars:

"By maintaining too close connection with political organizations, and by being unduly active in politics.

"By a lack of dignity in the conduct of their courts.

"By a lack of consideration of persons having business in the court and permitting the same on the part of court employees.

"By being dilatory in opening and premature in closing court.

"By granting postponements in such number as to put an undue burden on complainants and witnesses, tending to thwart the administration of justice.

"By seeing in chambers too many people who may be presumed to have business which should be heard in open court, giving rise to the suspicion that the magistrate is being subjected to improper influences.

"By holding for the grand jury cases which, by the exercise of proper courage or intelligence, or both, could have been disposed of by the magistrate.

"By the inadequate supervision of the issuance of bail bonds."

A vigorous defense of the magistrates was made a few days later by Chief City Magistrate McAdoo, who complained of the recent attacks on the magistrates as a body, and said the "vague and insinuative" criticism of the magistracy had been "grossly unfair and unjust," we read in the New York *Times*. He pointed out that no magistrates had been named in the presentment. He approved most of the grand jury's recommendations, we read, but criticized some of them.

"It is to my mind very unfortunate," said Magistrate McAdoo, "that a body of men like the city magistrates, doing work which is very exacting, calling for good judgment and nerve-trying to both mind and body, and who in the main do that work creditably to themselves and to the city, should have been subjected of late to many charges which were unfounded, and which had no basis of fact, or where the facts were distorted and enlarged." Continuing:

"The magistrates are human and not infallible, and consequently may, as we all do, make honest and unintentional mistakes. Condemnation should ensue only when the mistakes are shown to be intentional, dishonest, savoring of corruption, and show obvious lack of fitness for such a high and responsible position. Action against such should be prompt and effective."

The New York press seems well pleased at the disposition of the Vitale case, and clamors for a quick clean-up of unwholesome conditions in the lower courts generally.

"The bench is well rid of Vitale, and the city wants no more like him," asserts the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle.*

"Now, if ever, is the time for the city to put its magisterial house in order," declares the New York *Sun*, and its neighbor, *The Telegram*, takes the view that "Tammany should remove politics entirely from these courts, which as now conducted are serious breeding-places for lawlessness and disrespect for all human values."

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MR. SMOOT'S FIGHT ON TAINTED BOOKS

"THAT BOOK THERE has not anything in it but the rottenest kind of stuff."

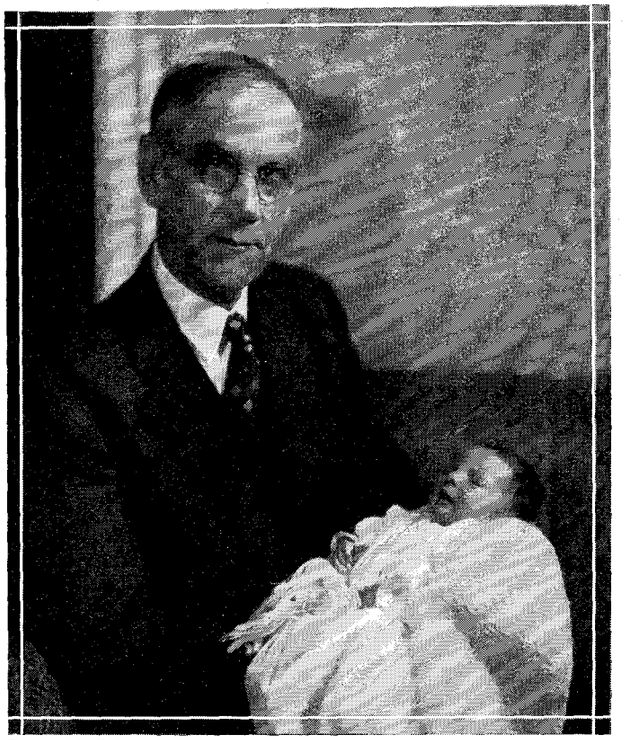
Senator Smoot "raised his voice to its full volume and beat his desk with fury."

"It is written by a man with a diseased mind and a soul so black that he would even obscure the darkness of hell."

Higher and higher soared the voice of the usually mild-spoken Senator until he "was screaming so that his constituents in Utah might have distinguished what he was saying," we are told by M. Farmer Murphy, Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*. Taunted by some of his colleagues, we read, the tall, nervous Finance Chairman swung his fists as he shrilled retorts.

The foreign-book censorship battle was on, and Senator Smoot, with all the power at his command, was fighting, as he himself said, "to keep obscenity from these shores."

Sizzling hot was the dispute that kept the Senate in an uproar for two days last week. "The debate covered questions ranging from the difference between heaven and hell to whether Brigham Young's essays would come under the ban," writes the Washington correspondent of the New York *Times*. "It ended a discussion which began last night and continued through all of to-day, which involved a comparison of Shakespeare with 'Lady Chatterley's Lover' and raised issues as to whether Rabelais was worse than certain 'hot' magazines sold at railway stations."



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

HE WOULD AS SOON HAVE A CHILD USE OPIUM

As to read vile books—Senator Smoot and his first great-grandchild.

The result of all this turmoil, we also are told by the same correspondent, was that—

"After twelve hours of fervid discussion of censorship of obscene books and pictures imported into the United States, the Senate adopted without a roll-call the Smoot amendment, slightly modified, extending the present law to make district courts the final arbiters of obscenity in literature and art, and treasonable publications.

"This action upset the Cutting amendment, agreed to by the Senate in Committee of the Whole last fall, which eliminated books from censorship. It creates for the first time a real censorship by judge and jury, and takes from the customs officials and the Treasury the authority to decide what is obscene or immoral."

But the result is also "a compromise which represents a slight advance in the direction of liberality and broadmindedness," we are told by Mr. Murphy. "The gain was a recognition of the point made by Senator Cutting, Republican, New Mexico, that the decision as to whether a book or pamphlet was or was not obscene or seditious should not be left to customs officials, but should be determined by the courts."

The fireworks began when Senator Smoot brought into the chamber about twoscore foreign books barred from circulation here, and made his appeal to "throw the arms of protection around the army of boys and girls who later must constitute the citizenry of the country." Replying to a crossfire of attack against his amendment, Senator Smoot, asserted that "if obscene books were imported into the United States, they would be brought in 'over his dead body.'" Then he shouted:

"I want to keep them all out. I think they are not only obscene but they are damnable. Some Senators have seen some of these books. They are disgusting.

"I would just as soon have a child of mine use opium as to read some of these books."

On the second day the debate became even hotter. "While Senator Wheeler, Montana, and Senator Tydings, Maryland, deplored all forms of censorship," says the Associated Press, "Senator Blease of South Carolina and Senator McKellar, of Tennessee, excoriated any suggestion that stringency be relaxed."

"The calm raillery and sophisticated self-possession of Senator Cutting to the explosive vociferous downrightness of Senator Smoot gave entertainment to Senators and those in the galleries alike," writes Mr. Murphy. One fiery clash came when Senator Cutting said that "the same words are used, of course, in Shakespeare that are used in these books":

"'The Senator has never read the book that he wanted to be permitted to come in here if he makes that statement now. There can not be viler language, there can not be words put together so vile and rotten as in those books,' fairly screamed Senator Smoot as he turned and pounded the desk behind him.

"'I have read Shakespeare, and there is no more comparison between what is in Shakespeare and what is in the books for which the Senator is speaking now than there is between heaven and hell,' yelled Senator Smoot with all the force he could put into his voice.

"'I would be much interested,' said Senator Couzens, of Michigan, mildly, 'to have the Senator tell me the difference between heaven and hell. I have not been able to get any definition of it.'

"'This is not the proper place,' replied Senator Smoot, 'but I should be glad to give the Senator the first lesson to-morrow at his office.'"

Again, when D. H. Lawrence's "Lady Chatterley's Lover" was under discussion, Senator Smoot roared:

"'That book there has not anything in it but the rottenest kind of stuff that can be thought of by any human being.'

"'If the Senator means that he has only spent ten minutes on the book,' said Senator Cutting, 'I can not see how he can tell.'

"This taunt made Senator Smoot even more furious.

"'I could tell from the very beginning of the book,' he screamed. 'It is enough to indicate that it is written by a man with a diseased mind and a soul so black that he would even obscure the darkness of hell. Nobody would write a book like that unless his heart was just as rotten and as black as it possibly could be.'

"'That being so,' cut in Senator Glass, 'why does the Senator from Utah calmly stand there and permit one of his associates to peruse that book?'

"Senator Smoot did not reply."

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THE JOB, A MILLION DOLLARS, AND YOU

IF YOU HAD A MILLION DOLLARS, would you stick to your present job?

This question bobs up entertainingly as the result of a survey made by Dr. Harry Dexter Kitson, psychologist and professor of education at Teachers' College, Columbia University. He finds that not many persons are content with their work, and few would continue in it if they were financially independent.

"Testing persons on the basis of whether they would continue in their present jobs if they should fall heir to $1,000,000, Dr. Kitson found that few are satisfied with their work," the New York *Times* tells us. Furthermore:

"Among teachers the degree of maximum interest in their work is only 19 per cent., and among nurses 33 per cent., he said in announcing the partial results of a survey of vocational interest, at which he has been working for two years.

"The most significant phase of the results so far achieved, the psychologist said, is the revelation of the 'very considerable number' who are clearly dissatisfied with their work.

"Several 'stated bluntly' that their interest was at the zero point. 'Such workers,' Dr. Kitson commented, 'are in a most unhappy plight, and constitute a serious menace to the effectiveness of their professional group as well.'"

Altho he also sought to find a relation between length of service and interest, Dr. Kitson "admitted his figures were not yet significant except for school-teachers," we are told. "Teachers who had served for sixteen years or more had an average interest of 92 per cent., he found, while the average of those who have worked less than that period is 75 per cent." Reading further, we find how the tests were made:

"In the preliminary tests workers were instructed to indicate by a check what they considered their percentage of interest. Dr. Kitson, calling the percentages degrees, then gave them the following instructions:

"'As the 100-degree point, think of that activity in which you would spend a major portion of your time if you had $1,000,000, and were not obliged to work. Then check the point on the scale which denotes your interest in your present occupation.'

"Dr. Kitson is now at work on a survey to determine the average age at which persons develop an interest in various vocations."

"To most working men and women, interest in work which could withstand the blandishments of a million-dollar inheritance should be placed not lower than the boiling point, or over 200 degrees," observes *The Times* editorially.

More serious consideration is given the survey by the New York *Telegram*, which says:

"As life becomes mechanized, work grows less satisfying, because the individual is robbed of the only pleasure it ever provided—the feeling of pride and satisfaction which goes with doing something, or completing something by one's self.

"Work to-day, even in the skilled and professional lines, is so arranged that the individual can do little more than perform a minor part.

"The result is that most people regard their work not as something useful, or essential to society, but as merely a means by which to get ahead.

"There is no doubt that we are getting certain comforts out of organized industry and mass production that would be otherwise unobtainable.

"There is no doubt that we are able to construct things that would otherwise be impossible.

"But Orientals contend that we are losing something of vital importance in the process."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

THE only genuine red menace in America is sunburn.—*Louisville Times.*

GEORGE CREEL calls for a third party. Well, however, how about getting a second one first?—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

SCIENCE has devised a tiny camera to photograph the inside of the stomach. This Prohibition-enforcement stuff is going too far.—*Washington Post.*

IN the opinion of a lecturer, many of our present-day politicians could be placed beside the most famous statesmen of history. The trouble is that they aren't.—*The Passing Show.*

IT is now fashionable for a woman to have her eyebrows thinned. This naturally requires a good deal of pluck.—*London Opinion.*

THROWN Out of Apartment Three Times by Wife, Man Returns.—Head-line. Evidently she's putting too much backspin on him.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

A BUSINESS magazine says "prosperity will rise with the sap." The same sap who lost all his money last fall in the stock-market smash-up?—*Wichita Beacon.*

ONLY 14,986 books were published in the British Isles last year, indicating that Edgar Wallace is beginning to slip, as we have long predicted.—*Kansas City Star.*

A LONDON magistrate declares that a husband should be master in his own house, or know the reason why. Most husbands know the reason why.—*The Humorist.*

YE COMPLEAT GARDENER

—Herblock in the Chicago *Daily News.*

PEOPLE who denounce the churches really ought to look inside them once in a while.—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

IT won't help the world's mortality statistics much to scrap battle-ships and make automobiles out of them.—*Brunswick (Ga.) Pilot.*

"LAPLAND is the most thinly populated country in the world," says a contemporary. It doesn't say how many Lapps there are to the mile.—*The Passing Show.*

THE disturbed farmer will breathe one sigh of relief like a locomotive exhaust when he reads that hexamethylenetetramine has been given a higher rate in the agricultural schedule by the Senate.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

Now that a cow has been milked while riding in an airplane over St. Louis, we suppose a vogue will be started in that city for plane milk shakes.—*Wichita Beacon.*

A JUDGE says there is nothing like hard work. To a certain extent this is very comforting, but the grim fact remains that there is hard work.—*The Passing Show.*

THE true value of horse sense is clearly shown by the fact that the horse was afraid of the automobile during the period in which the pedestrian laughed at it.—*The Louisville Times.*

THE automobile, Henry Ford says, has been the world's greatest agency for increasing intelligence. Opposed to Mr. Ford is the solid opinion of the world's traffic cops.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

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FOREIGN - COMMENT

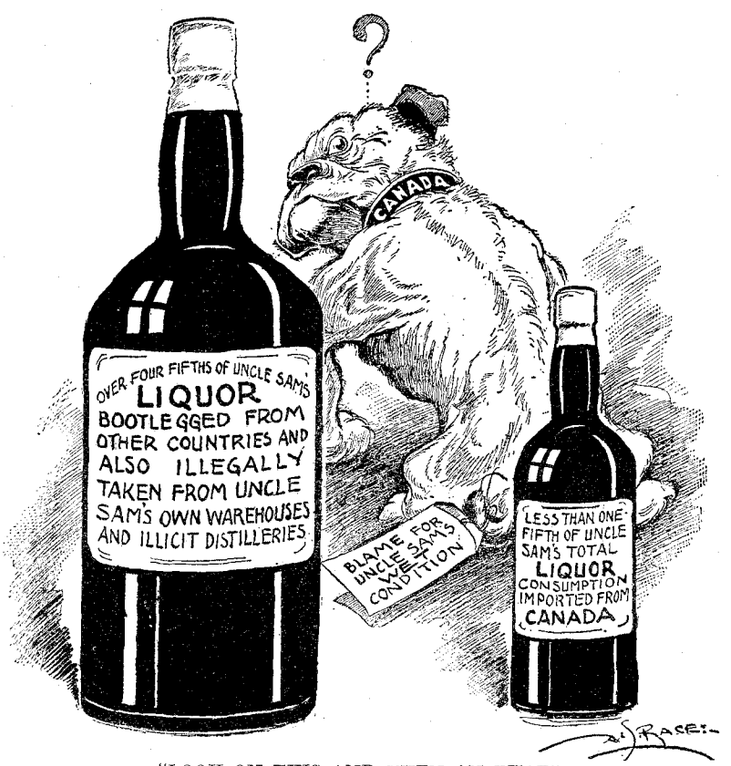
CANADA'S "PERIL" FROM BOOTLEGGERS

AMERICAN PROHIBITION is reported as a hot political issue in Canada as well as in the United States.

This stands out clearly in the comments of various newspapers of the Dominion on the speech of the Canadian Prime Minister, W. L. Mackenzie King, in which he advocated the bill prohibiting the export of liquor from Canada to the United States or to any country into which its importation is contrary to law.

According to E. George Smith, an Ottawa correspondent of the Toronto *Globe*, the spectral threat of Anglo-American strife raging along the Canadian-American frontier and "the international immorality of Canadian Government officials aiding gangs of criminals and rum-runners to violate United States dry laws" inspired the Mackenzie King Government to move to forbid further liquor exports to the United States.

If the Liquor Export bill is enacted into law, this correspondent goes on to say, it will cut off Canada's annual $25,000,000 liquor trade with the United States. He tells us further that the total Federal revenue from that trade has been estimated in Canadian Government returns at $15,000,000.


OVER FOUR FIFTHS OF UNCLE SAM'S LIQUOR BOOTLEGGED FROM OTHER COUNTRIES AND ALSO ILLEGALLY TAKEN FROM UNCLE SAM'S OWN WAREHOUSES AND ILLICIT DISTILLERIES
CANADA
BLAME FOR UNCLE SAM'S CONDITION
LESS THAN ONE FIFTH OF UNCLE SAM'S TOTAL LIQUOR CONSUMPTION IMPORTED FROM CANADA
A. J. Racey

"LOOK ON THIS AND THEN ON THAT"
—A. G. Racey in *The Daily Star* (Montreal).

In an Ottawa dispatch to the Toronto *Mail and Empire*, Harvey John Hickey notes that the bill designed to end the shipment of intoxicants to the United States passed its second reading in the Canadian House of Commons "in a blaze of oratory such as Parliament rarely witnesses" and "with but one voice raised against it."

Curiously enough, this correspondent relates, the solitary opponent is a government supporter. He is Maj. C. G. Powers, Quebec city Liberal, "who broke with this party" and denounced the measure as so much "humbug, cant and hypocrisy" which would "transfer to Canada the menace of gunmen gangs shadowing the United States."

As quoted in the press, Prime Minister Mackenzie King's high note of alarm was sounded in these lines:

"So perilous do I believe the situation to be, that I would no longer assume the responsibility in the matter of external affairs in this regard if I were not sure that I had the support of this Parliament in any policy which I believe to be necessary to prevent a condition which might prove perilous to this country any day, or failing the support of this Parliament, the support of the people of Canada in a matter as grave as this."

The bill to stop the flow of liquor from Canada to the United States may be enacted as law before Easter, predicts William Marchington, another staff correspondent of the Toronto *Globe* at Ottawa, who goes on to say:

"In view of the fact that the principle of the bill was indorsed in the House of Commons with only one dissenting voice, the bill likely will pass through Committee of the Whole House, and receive third reading before March 25, when the Senate meets again.

"Interest now shifts to the attitude of the Upper House, the bill having been accorded the support — virtually the unanimous support—of all parties in the Lower House.

"It is believed in Parliamentary circles that members of the Senate, while not so responsive to public opinion as the Commoners, will not go the length of flouting the opinion of the better element of the people, as reflected in the attitude of members in the elected Chamber.

"Premier King gave a plain intimation in his speech on Friday that he would not hesitate to appeal to the people if the bill were defeated in Parliament.

"It is confidently believed the Senate will approve the bill, and that it will be among the first measures of the present session to receive the Royal assent. Indeed, it is quite possible the bill will have passed all stages in the Senate before Parliament adjourns on April 11 for the Easter recess.

"In that event it will be ready for the Royal assent the first time his Excellency, the Governor-General, visits Parliament Hill. Official clearance of liquor from Canada to the United States will therefore cease before May 24, at the latest."

The Ottawa correspondent of the Winnipeg *Manitoba Free Press* (Ind.) advises us that:

"Hon. R. B. Bennett, Conservative leader, indorsed the bill in principle, thereby assuring it an immense majority in the House of Commons.

"But while approving the principle of the bill, he criticized the Government for being dilatory in bringing it down.

"The condition had existed for several years, he asserted, and ought to have been dealt with long ago. Mr. Bennett, however, found no fault with the terms of the bill."

Among the Conservative Canadian press, we find an Ottawa correspondent of the Toronto *Mail and Empire*, T. H. Blacklock, saying sarcastically that after eight years of sponsoring the rum-running business, by issuing clearances to vessels with liquor cargoes, Prime Minister Mackenzie King discovered a few months ago that "criminal gangs are engaged in the liquor-smuggling business." We read then:

"Warned of this four years ago by the Customs committee, and asked to prohibit; warned three years ago by his own royal

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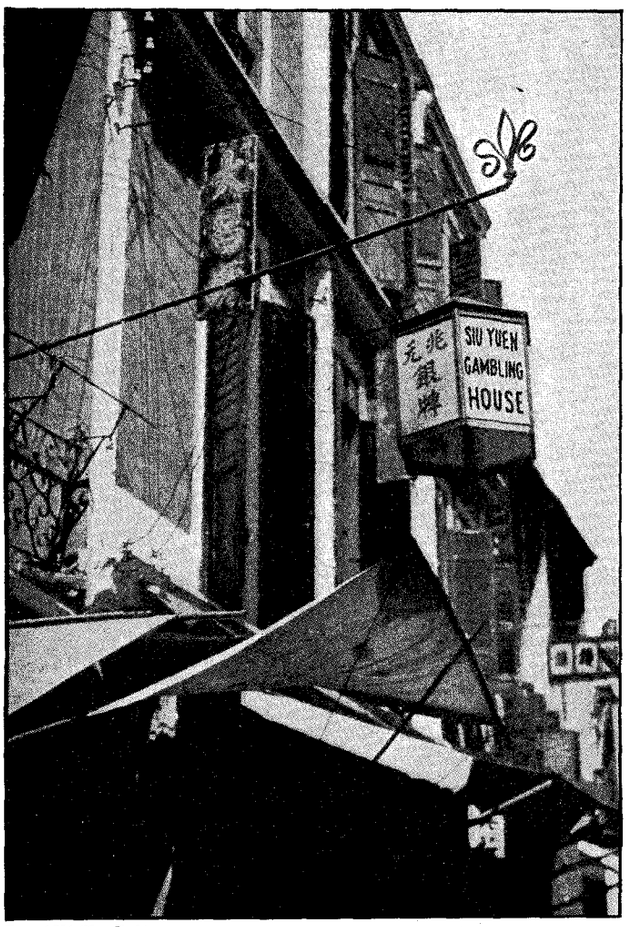
commission, and asked to prohibit it; he takes belated remedial measures now, after he and his Government have fostered by administration and declaration the huge expansion in liquor production in Canada."

An Independent-Conservative newspaper, the Ottawa *Journal*, delivers a severe attack on the Canadian Liberal Government's policy on liquor clearances from 1923-29, and it avers that:

"One of the outstanding characteristics of Mr. Mackenzie King is his capacity for being in a state of sanctifying grace under all and any circumstances.

"No matter how many times Mr. King changes sides, no matter which side he takes, he is always on the side of the angels.

"His inspiration is invariably heavenly."



From *ASIA* (New York)

THEY LABEL THE GAMBLING HOUSES IN MACAO

On the other hand, the Toronto *Globe* (Ind.-Lib.) is convinced that the great majority of the Canadian people will view with more than ordinary satisfaction the united attitude of all parties in the House of Commons toward Prime Minister King's effort to abolish the granting of clearances for liquor to be smuggled into the United States. Also the Independent Ottawa *Evening Citizen* is positive that the national credit of Canada must have been considerably enhanced by Parliament's unanimous approval of the Mackenzie King measure. This daily proceeds:

"The bill to withhold clearance papers from consignments of liquor for export to the United States cuts the official connection between the Department of National Revenue and the liquor-smuggling agencies in Canada.

"When the bill is made law, the Dominion will no longer collect tribute from the business of smuggling.

"The corrupt employers of criminals and morons will lose the privilege of using Canada as an operating base in the liquor war against a friendly neighbor."

THE WICKED "GEM OF THE ORIENT"

RECKLESS, SINFUL MACAO is being rediscovered as the haven of robbers, pirates, gamblers, dope fiends, and fugitives from justice from all parts of the world.

In her bad moods, according to her latest explorer, Macao, half-Portuguese, half-Chinese, is free in her manner—she gambles, reeks of opium fumes, and encourages all the "concomitant sins."

On the other hand, writes Aleko E. Lilius in *Asia* (New York), Macao smiles at you, innocent as a churchgoing maiden on an Easter morn, and you can accept her thus without being deceived.

If you want her good, she is good, we are assured, and if you want her bad, she will certainly oblige you. Meanwhile—

"The outer appearance of this oldest European colony in China is charming indeed. Hidden away in a bay surrounded by mighty hills, the long rows of pink, blue, and yellow houses along the water-front seem like a piece of Latin America, unexpectedly dropt here and forgotten.

"The thousands of junks and sampans appear incongruous in this Occidental setting, until you finally remember that the Latin is actually the intruding element.

"Macao was once a very important commercial city, important enough for both the Dutch and the British to covet it, and for the Chinese to desire its return. In 1557 the Son of Heaven, grateful to the Portuguese for their ruthless but effective methods of handling pirates, granted to them this strip of land comprising some two and a half square miles.

"It was not till 1887, however, that the permanent occupation by Portugal of Macao and the adjacent islands of Verde, Taipa, and Coloane was confirmed by treaty.

"Since the establishment, in 1841, of the British Crown Colony of Hongkong, only forty-odd miles to the east, Macao has ceased to play the important rôle of intermediary in Occidental-Oriental trade.

"To-day it is only a sheltering harbor for a large fleet of fishing-junks. Its products, chiefly preserved fish, firecrackers, wine, and incense-sticks, are of no great importance to the civilized world.

"As a colony Macao would have been a financial and administrative burden to the home Government at Lisbon, except that, as it happens, it has been considered a gold-mine, thanks to the opium, the gambling, and the hundreds of brothels.

"Tho pointed out by the tourist agencies as the 'Monte Carlo of the Orient,' Macao bears very little resemblance to Monte Carlo with its palatial Monegasque Casino. As a matter of fact, there is no casino in Macao, but there are twelve dingy, opium-reeking fan-tan dens, frequented by a public that certainly wears no dress-suits.

"On a warm summer day you may be rubbing elbows with half-naked coolies, road-dusty farmers, or fugitive embezzlers, ragged and stupefied with drugs, all types remote from the stiff-shirted gentlemen of the Riviera. And that is probably one of the reasons why I find Macao so much more interesting than Monte Carlo, Deauville, or a half-dozen other such places in different corners of the earth.

"The moral reputation of Macao has never been good. One has the feeling that the Portuguese have never wanted it to be good.

"On the other hand, they do not like the fact advertised. A scholar wrote a history of the colony not so long ago, and the mere fact that he mentioned the gambling and opium monopolies as the most important sources of income, caused the Macanese Government to buy the whole printed edition, and order it destroyed. He, in consequence, finds Hongkong more healthful than Macao, and prefers to stay there."

In fact, says this contributor to *Asia*, the gambling passion seems to rule the people of Macao. It is impossible to take a casual look at any street, he tells us, and not see groups of men, women, and even children, hanging over the fan-tan mat as they play with beans or buttons, or watching the "bones" roll the aces and sixes.

Gambling, it is asserted, is in progress in every temple courtyard, near some praying fisherman's wife, perhaps, or at the foot of the smoldering incense-burner.

In street or temple courtyard, it appears, you do not have to pay taxes to the Government, because the game is only for the

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sake of a few coppers. Thus it does not conflict with the interests of the licensed gambling-houses, which are after silver coins and bank-notes. Then, it is pointed out that—

"The Macao Government derives a very large income from the monopoly granted to the Fan-tan Syndicate. How many hundreds of thousands of dollars are paid yearly, it has been impossible to find out with certainty. In one house the information is given you that the price is $600,000, while at the house next door, you are told that the syndicate pays more than $1,000,000.

"Once I was given the figure of $1,800,000, or $5,000 per day, but I have reason to believe that the actual figure looms somewhere just above $1,000,000.

"During the tourist season, the steamers are met by the hotel-runners, the unavoidable coolies, and the master-let-me-show-you-the-town men—Chinese like Opium Charlie and Fan-tan John, or half-castes like the Loafer and Harry the Dope. They pounce upon the tourists and faithfully show them the 'secrets' of Macao, extracting a modest fee of a dollar or two. With this newly acquired capital they depart hurriedly to the nearest fan-tan den, only to lose every cent. They have not the sense to quit in time and get away with the proceeds.

"The Chinese often gambles to the last cent in his money-belt, and then comes and begs for a dollar, or even for your small change.

"Opium Charlie, for instance, has two wives, and his plea to me is always the same: 'Master, give me a dollar; must buy food for the wives.'"

WHEN IT'S SPRING IN CHINA

IN THE SPRING Chinese fancy, we are told, lightly turns to thoughts of war.

That is why some Japanese editors rather cynically observe that civil war in China is like a festival elsewhere. It has become almost an annual observance at the return of the warm weather, says the Osaka *Mainichi*.

It involves relatively little bloodshed apparently, and does not contain most of the atrocious elements of modern European warfare. According to this daily:

"It affords an interesting and remunerative pastime to thousands of brigands and deadbeats who suffer from ennui in time of peace.

"They join the Army just for the sake of getting food, or enjoying the thrill of sacking villages and towns. The danger of death does not enter into consideration any more than the question of principle or loyalty—to live in the Army is perhaps safer than to be exposed to plagues and starvation elsewhere.

"That is the reason why there is no dearth of 'soldiers' for any general who can afford to feed them. And since war is but a bloodless sham fighting, it breaks out anywhere at any time, provided the climate is agreeable for camping and it does not rain, for then, the soldiers' clothes will get wet.

"Some of the Western peoples—Americans in particular—are in the habit of regarding the Chinese civil war with much alarm, ascribing to it the gravity of the civil war they themselves had some sixty-odd years ago.

"While war is war, however conducted, it is necessary to recognize that it is precisely its relative harmlessness which prevents its entire termination in China."

Yet this Osaka journal is deeply concerned because China is not unified under a truly national government.

Through dint of long traditions, we are told, the people are getting along among themselves, unmindful of constant warfare, and indifferent to the rise and fall of one political faction or another. But—

"Admirable as the autonomy of this kind is, it is not compatible with the ever-progressing tide of affairs in the world outside. While other nations are advancing by leaps and bounds through the application of scientific knowledge to national activities, China alone can not long linger in medievalism, however peaceful and comfortable the old usages may be.

"She too must get a sound national government which will assume leadership of the nation in material and cultural advancement en masse."

A WORLD OF THE WORKLESS

IN EVERY BIG INDUSTRIAL COUNTRY of the world the tragic tide of unemployment is said to be rising rapidly.

A few years ago, we are told, it was estimated that the total of unemployed was 20,000,000. The figure now is believed to be nearly 30,000,000. So declares the London *Daily Herald*, a Labor organ and the official newspaper of the Labor party.

Recent reports from America and Germany, it adds, coupled with the serious situation in Britain, have emphasized the fact that the crisis extends over the globe.

Japan is no exception, for business depression is wide-spread there, factories are shutting down, and this newspaper continues:

From *ASIA* (New York)

"IF YOU ARE A GAMBLER, MACAO WILL GET YOU"

Aleko E. Lilius found this frank piece of advertising in a ticket-shop in Macao.

"A short time ago the late Government estimated the total workless at 300,000. To-day the figure exceeds 800,000, and it is forecast that the million mark will quickly be passed.

"Labor organizations in Japan are drafting remedial measures, and the Government is preparing a scheme of unemployment insurance.

"As in Japan, so elsewhere. The latest estimates of the unemployed in the United States vary, but some put the total at the enormous figure of 6,000,000.

"Mr. William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, says the 'danger point' has been reached. He declares that 22 per cent. of organized labor is idle, and that 43 per cent. of the building workers are out of work."

If we turn to Europe, *The Daily Herald* goes on to say, we find a similar condition. At the end of December, it informs us, Germany had 4,583,000 idle organized workers.

During a week in February, it is pointed out, no fewer than 30,000 were added to the Germans receiving unemployment benefit. We read then:

"Italy, whose industrial activity is comparatively small, has nearly half a million workers recorded as unemployed.

"France is the only known exception among countries which have large-scale industry, tho here the peculiar circumstances make comparison difficult.

"No recent figures are available for Russia. The latest were for October, 1928, when nearly two millions of the 11,000,000 organized workers were idle.

"Claims have been made that industry in Russia will absorb 5,000,000 new workers in the next two years, but that is not fact but prophecy."

Economists have suggested that the unemployment was temporary, and that when the world had settled down to post-war conditions, production and trade would right themselves. That view is now discredited, and the outlook is regarded with apprehension.

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SCIENCE · AND · INVENTION

HOW ANTS PUT OUT A FIRE

ANTS MAKE GOOD FIREMEN, using their own unaided efforts, and freely giving up their lives to save their fellow workers from destruction.

Exactly how they proceed when a fire is to be put out is described by Friedrich Gedde in *Kosmos* (Stuttgart). Mr. Gedde tells us that what he did was by way of verification of statements in various periodicals about the extinguishing of fire by ants. He proceeds:

"In a fir-wood at an altitude of about 3,000 feet at the Pfänder Hotel in the Austrian Alps, there is, under a fir-tree, leaning

From *Kosmos* Stuttgart)

HOW ANTS PUT OUT A CANDLE IN 4½ MINUTES

against the trunk, an ant-hill with a solid content of about ten cubic feet, consisting of needles, dry, broken branches, withered foliage, and small pebbles.

"At 9:45 A. M. I stuck into this a stearin candle so that it projected a little more than an inch. On the hollow under the wick appeared immediately industrious wood ants which dropt parasitic mites. The light-brown mites moved almost as fast as the ants themselves; I could observe them clearly as minute dots about one-hundredth of an inch in size.

"At 9:55 A. M. I lit the candle. The wick sent forth a flame about one and one-half inches in height.

"Immediately the ants next to it leapt away and watched the fire.

"After a few seconds I saw some of the excited insects spring into the fire, scorching their limbs and heads, and then drawing back. Presently there lay six half-charred ants.

"The whole tribe grew excited.

"Then the jumping ceased, and I noticed from time to time several able-bodied ants cautiously approach the flame and place themselves at the edge of the candle, so that they could cling to it with their hindlegs, while they held high their heads and outstretched forelegs. By means of the hindlegs they directed the posterior portion of the body toward the flame.

"In this position the courageous insects squirted a fluid against the wick so that each time the flame emitted a hissing sound.

"It was not easy to extinguish the fire. The candle still projected above the fir-needles, so that the ants had to climb up along the stearin over the edge, and were then within reach of the heat, which burnt the feelers and forelegs of the brave insects.

"Stedfastly they maintained each time this extremely dangerous position for two or three seconds, again and again squirting the liquid exactly upon the wick, not only against the flame itself.

"Already the flame burned perceptibly lower.

"Again and again injured ants fell and ran back, or remained lying in the liquid stearin.

"At the same time the ants filled the space between the side of the candle and the mound of needles with needle substance as high up as the edge of the candle, so that now they could stand a little further back on top of the needles, and were then not so much exposed to danger.

"Now the ants were in better state.

"The flame hissed constantly, but there still were some injured and burnt ants.

"Nothing would keep the insects from saving their colony through constant fighting of the fire. Around the candle were 150 to 200 ants, each ready to spurt against the flame, or to suffer death. Here and there a fir-needle caught fire, but the ignited needles were immediately extinguished by the ants.

"Now the brave insects came from all sides.

"The flame was still over an inch high when there was a loud strong hissing sound, and the danger was over; the fire had been extinguished in four and one-half minutes. Then the insects attempted to cover the candle from the hillside; and at the same time worker-ants came and squirted at the black wick as if to enable it to resist fire. Some ants made an effort to carry off those that were burnt, but could not extract them from the sticky stearin.

"The excitement having subsided, the ants resumed their usual occupations, and hardly more than one-half of the insects were to be seen on the surface.

"After half an hour I tried to relight the candle and had to use three matches before I could do so. The substance squirted by the ants against the wick had been so effective that it was very difficult to kindle the flame, but at last it burned.

"Presently the insects wriggled forth from all sides, and the tribe was again in a turmoil.

"This time the work of extinguishing the fire was accomplished quickly, and in thirty seconds able-bodied ants had put out the flame by squirting with their abdomens.

"The opinion exprest by others that the ants, as it were, have a trained fire-brigade, is not correct. In every ant dwells the instinct to risk its life to the utmost in case of danger in order to save its colony, and therefore each strong ant in the neighborhood of the conflagration had assisted to the limit of its ability.

"It was easy to distinguish the active energy of the large insects from the efforts of the feeble smaller ants, which ran excitedly to and fro without being able to render any visible assistance."

INSIDE SPECTACLES—Spectacles to be worn inside the eyelids instead of outside, as false teeth are worn inside the mouth, have been invented by a German oculist, Dr. Leopold Heine of the Eye Clinic at Kiel. Says Dr. E. E. Free, in his *Week's Science* (New York):

"Oculists previously had used special shields of glass, to be inserted under the eyelids in cases of certain diseases of the eye, so that if the transparent membrane on the front of the eye, called the cornea, is inflamed, it can be protected from the rubbing of the lids. Underneath such a glass shield, the irritated surface of the eye is protected, is bathed by tears as usual, and soon recovers.

"It occurred to Dr. Heine, he reports, to grind these glass shields into lenses, just as ordinary spectacle lenses are ground. These properly ground glass shells are then inserted under the eyelids and worn there continually.

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"The patient then has a pair of invisible monocles, through which he can see even better than through ordinary spectacles, since the internal glass shells turn from one side to the other as the eyeball turns, just as tho they were real parts of the eyes. If the glass shells are properly shaped and ground, no irritation is reported in the eye or the eyelid.

"The tears flow as usual. The eye merely has an improved glass front.

"The danger of breakage is no greater, Dr. Heine claims, than in ordinary glasses. Even if the false glass front does break, the danger of irreparable damage to the eye is said not to be great; altho this is a point about which other oculists are far from convinced."

HOW COMMON THINGS WORK—VII

ELECTRIC AND GAS REFRIGERATORS

THE GIANT STRIDES of electric- and gas-refrigeration in the past few years make it a subject of interest to thousands, if not to millions, of present and prospective users.

Theaters and public buildings are already being cooled on this principle in hot weather, and the cooling of homes and offices seems to be merely the next step.

The principle on which an ice-machine, or any device using mechanical refrigeration, acts, is thus explained in Prof. Frederick A. Osborn's "Physics of the Home" (McGraw-Hill Book Company, New York):

"The commercial production of the so-called artificial ice has made such advances that we find it not only in places where natural ice can not be produced, but even competing successfully with the natural ice.

"There are a number of different systems in use for the production of cold, and the one described here uses liquid ammonia as the refrigerant.

"Liquid ammonia is contained in a tank under a pressure of from 125 to 175 pounds. It is allowed to flow through an expansion valve into a series of coils immersed in brine in the brine tank.

"The liquid ammonia, absorbing heat from the brine, is vaporized, and then passes into the pump compressor which compresses the gas so that on passing into the coils in the cooling tank, through which cold water is constantly running, it is condensed to a liquid. Then the cycle of operations is repeated.

"As the operation continues, the brine becomes cooler and cooler, and the water, which is placed in vessels immersed in the brine, finally becomes frozen.

"The small refrigeration-machines in refrigerator-cabinets are being increasingly used in the home. They are in principle the same as the larger ammonia machines, except that in the place of ammonia, liquid sulfur dioxid or ethyl chlorid is used.

"Mechanical refrigeration is used not alone for making ice, but for producing cold for many other purposes. But perhaps to the housewife, its use to keep foodstuffs from spoiling for longer or shorter periods is its most interesting application. Perhaps when we have community heating, as we have the lighting and the water supply, we may have also the community cooling of our homes."

The "gas-fired" refrigerator, a type of the artificial cold-producer recently adapted to household use, is thus described in Black and Davis's "New Practical Physics." (Macmillan):

"Another type of iceless refrigerator depends upon the principle of 'cooling by absorption.' Ammonia gas is absorbed by water and then released from the water by means of heat (Bunsen burner). After this the ammonia gas is liquefied by cooling it in a stream of running water. The liquefied ammonia is made to evaporate at a low pressure and temperature in the evaporator, and in so doing it absorbs heat from the surroundings.

"This is the real cause of the production of cold.

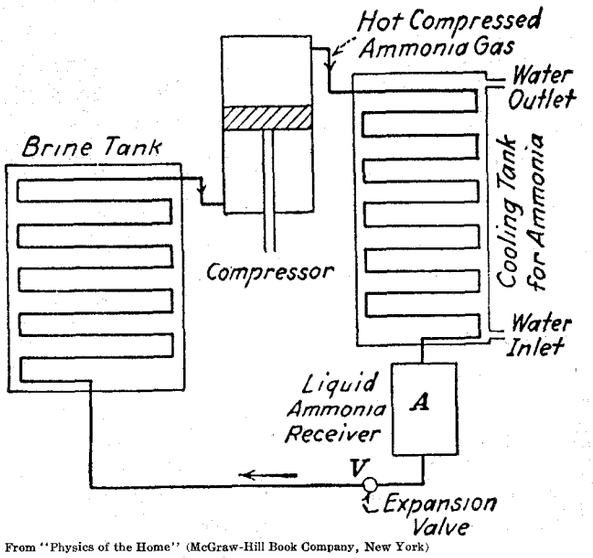
"Finally, the ammonia is again absorbed by the water from which it was driven by heat, and the cycle of change is repeated. To avoid the use of moving parts, such as pumps, the total pressure is kept everywhere the same throughout the system by introducing an inert gas such as hydrogen."

OUR CHRYSANTHEMUMS BEAT THE JAPANESE

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM IS A NATIVE of Japan. But the newest varieties produced in American gardens are eagerly sought by Japanese growers.

This is the testimony of Charles H. Totty, lecturer at the New York Botanical Garden, and one of the largest growers of greenhouse chrysanthemums in the East. He is thus quoted in a press bulletin issued by the garden:

"The chrysanthemum was originally a Japanese flower, but it has been so improved by American horticulturists during the past fifty years that the Japanese are now securing their newest varieties from this country.



From "Physics of the Home" (McGraw-Hill Book Company, New York)

SECTIONAL VIEW OF A REFRIGERATING MACHINE

The anemone-flowered type of chrysanthemum, imported from Japan at the time of the Civil War in 1861, is the most popular variety to-day. It is recognized by the cushion of long tubular petals in the center of the flower. There are both hardy outdoor strains and tender greenhouse varieties. Most of the hardy types are either single flowers or little button pompons. Each type blossoms in many hues and colors, all of the colors being represented except blue. The best kinds for outdoor use are the relatively overblooming sorts which open about the first week in October, and give from six to eight weeks' bloom.

"Most of these early varieties are of the large flowered group. The pompons are later bloomers, coming in November, and reaching their height at Thanksgiving."

Mr. Totty believes that chrysanthemums should be favored by amateur gardeners because of their hardihood and ability to thrive in poorly fertilized soil of almost any kind. He goes on:

"Chrysanthemums blossom best if protected from the northwest winds. The plants should be divided up every year, and only one rooted sprout planted in a place. To keep the plants low and bushy, the young growing tops can be pinched back in the summer about the middle of June. After they are through blooming, the plants are easily wintered in any well-drained soil, and they are benefited by a light mulch of leaves, which should not be removed too early in the spring.

"Among the pompon varieties 'Queen of the Whites' is very pretty and easily grown out of doors. Being a dwarf it does not have to be pinched very much. Many of the anemones are quite hardy and easily grown. Among these are the pure white H. Wilson, Captain Boshen, and R. Collins.

"The early-flowering type of chrysanthemum was obtained by crossing the hardy late flowering pompons with the larger flowered forms. Some of the most interesting of these are Mrs. Charles Stout, Lillian Doty, and Roupel Beauty, which is a deep pink. Bronze Queen is one of the most unusual and attractive in its coloring."

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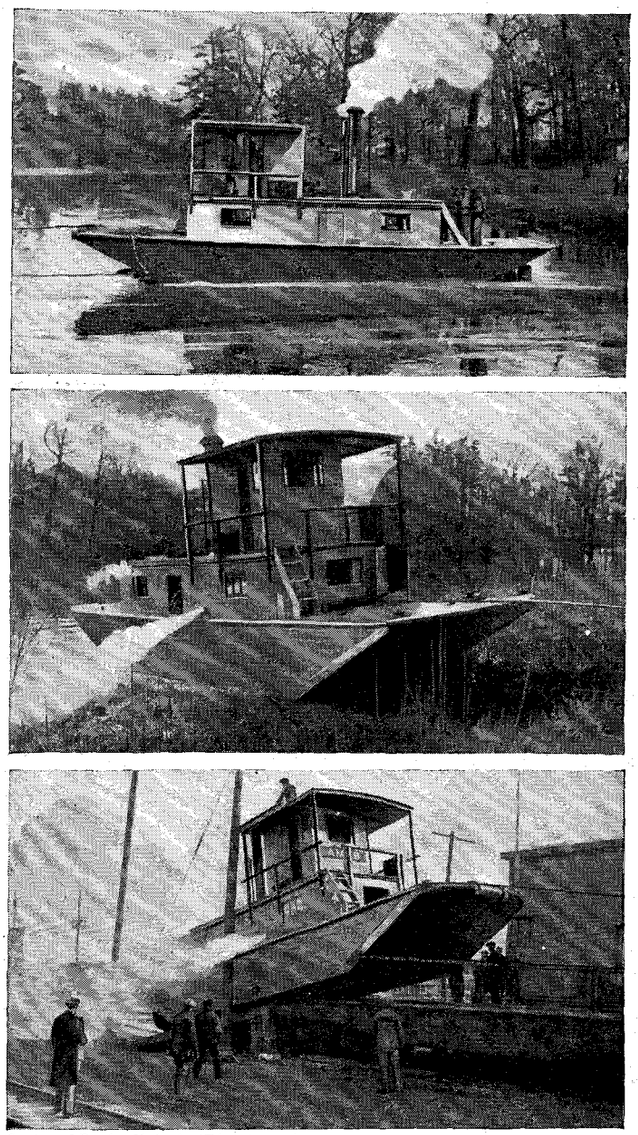
ALLIGATOR BOATS

THEY CLIMB HILLS AND HAUL LUMBER.

In the northern woods of Ontario, the "alligator" does its busy day's work in starting the logs on the trip down-stream to the mills.

Like the saurian, from which it takes its name, it is thick-skinned and can "navigate" on land or water. We read in *Popular Mechanics* (Chicago):

"One of them, recently launched, climbed over a hill from the shipyard, plunged into the river, where it paddled along until



Courtesy of *Popular Mechanics* (Chicago)

THE "ALLIGATOR" BOAT NAVIGATES LAND OR WATER

opposite the railroad siding, where it climbed up the bank, and finally hoisted itself aboard the two flat cars that were to bear it away to duty in the northern lumber camps. These tugs are built in various sizes, from thirty-seven to seventy feet in length, in either paddlewheel or twin-propeller type.

"They draw but thirty inches of water, and are shod on the bottom with heavy steel runners.

"The propeller type is built with a flexible joint in the shaft so the screws will rise when meeting any obstruction, with heavy skegs to guard them from striking logs or rocks, and the rudder is hung on a hinge, so it will lift when going over logs or booms, then drop back to its former position. The boats are equipped with warping gear and double drums, carrying a mile of steel cable, and are powered with a sixty-horse-power marine steam-engine.

"The fact that the alligator's power plant is small does not handicap it in towing work, which is done in a unique fashion.

"Instead of towing the logs outright, the alligator, its cable hitched to a boom and unwinding as the boat moves, proceeds for about a half-mile, when the anchor is let go, or the boat is made fast to a tree. Then the cable is wound in, and in this manner the alligator is capable of hauling a boom of 60,000 logs at a time. In making a portage overland, logs or skids are placed under the runners, the cable fastened to a tree ahead, the winch started, and the alligator climbs up or down hill, through swamps, bogs, or underbrush to the next river or pond, where rollways or skidways may be constructed, the whole procedure effecting a considerable saving in time and men."

TAKING CARE OF OUR LEPERS

LEPROSY NOW EXISTS IN THE UNITED STATES, and has existed here for a great many years.

This fact seldom occurs to the average person until newspaper head-lines attract attention to some unfortunate sufferer. Then, after a few days' hysterical attention, the question again drops into temporary oblivion.

In some States, says *Health News*, issued by the U. S. Public Health Service (Washington), leprosy has long been a problem of importance, because of its presence in neighborhoods populated by descendants of certain of the earlier settlers, and of the fact that its propagation there is due to factors not well understood. We read, further:

"For lack of better explanation, racial or family predisposition, local habits and customs, and the like, are ascribed as causes. In other States, particularly those with large seaports, cases of leprosy develop among immigrants who have been admitted with the disease in an early and undiagnosable form, and the disease has spread, slowly, to be sure, among the native population. A third source of infection is that found in our military and maritime population, in the soldier or seaman who has lived in an infected territory for a number of years, has contracted the disease, and has later returned to his native country.

"Geographically, the Gulf coast States are considered as the most important foci of leprosy in continental United States; for here is recognized indisputable evidence of the continued propagation of leprosy, and here the disease has existed for generations, having been sustained by contact with leprous communities through commercial sources.

"A conservative estimate of the prevalence of leprosy in continental United States places the number of cases at approximately 1,200.

"A reliable estimate of the number of lepers who have resided in the United States is well-nigh impossible, and for many reasons. It is probable that, many times, leprosy has been confused with other diseases with which it has symptoms in common; furthermore, leprosy has not been consistently reported to health officials, and the public records must, of necessity, represent but a surface scratching. Then, too, in many instances, physicians have hesitated to report known cases of leprosy, because of the unwarranted hysteria that would have been provoked by the report of the presence of a case of leprosy in a neighborhood where no suitable facilities existed for isolation and treatment, and where the leper had been permitted and encouraged to move on.

"Sometimes this method of dealing with lepers has been most humiliating to the leper and disgraceful to the community.

"It was evident more than fifty years ago that some concerted action was necessary if the progress of leprosy in the United States was to be checked, and plans were formulated for having the Federal Government assume control of the situation. Constructive effort, however, did not crystallize until February 3, 1917, when Congress enacted legislation and provided funds for the establishment of a national home for lepers to be under the direction of the U. S. Public Health Service. The entrance of the United States into the World War prevented, for a time, active measures from being taken toward this project, altho a committee was appointed to select a site for the proposed leper home. This committee met with great opposition in obtaining a site, because no State cared to cede territory to the Government for use as a leper settlement, and the problem was finally solved by purchasing from the State of Louisiana the estate occupied by the Louisiana Leper Home.

"This was developed by the U. S. Public Health Service into the present National Leprosarium at Carville, Louisiana, where 306 lepers are now under treatment."

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ARTHUR DAVIES, WHO PUT US BACK IN EDEN

ARTHUR B. DAVIES STANDS UNIQUE in American art. A high authority goes further than that. The quality of Davies, said Professor Eisen, "in painting, in coloration, and in perfect drawing, suffused by mystic symbols, was not shared by any other artist, ancient, medieval, or modern."

A year ago he died in Italy, and in the past weeks hundreds have been viewing the Memorial Exhibition held by the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Time was when people were puzzled, if not annoyed, by the cryptic titles he attached to his paintings. More than this, visions that appeared on his canvases were something never seen on land or sea, and even Academy officials would turn thumbs down to them. The minority who approved him and bought his pictures used to hail these occasions as among his triumphs. Henry McBride, of the New York *Sun*, imagines that a rejection gave a sort of satisfaction to Mr. Davies himself. For—

"It is exhilarating to find your pictures good enough to be rejected with fury by the powers that be, and then have them immediately exalted to the skies by your friends as 'the supreme things of the time.'

"Looking back on it now, and especially with the present Metropolitan Museum Memorial in mind, it seems incredible that so much anger could have been aroused by such essentially innocent productions.

"In fact, it requires a more tenacious memory than mine even to recall what was found offensive in them.

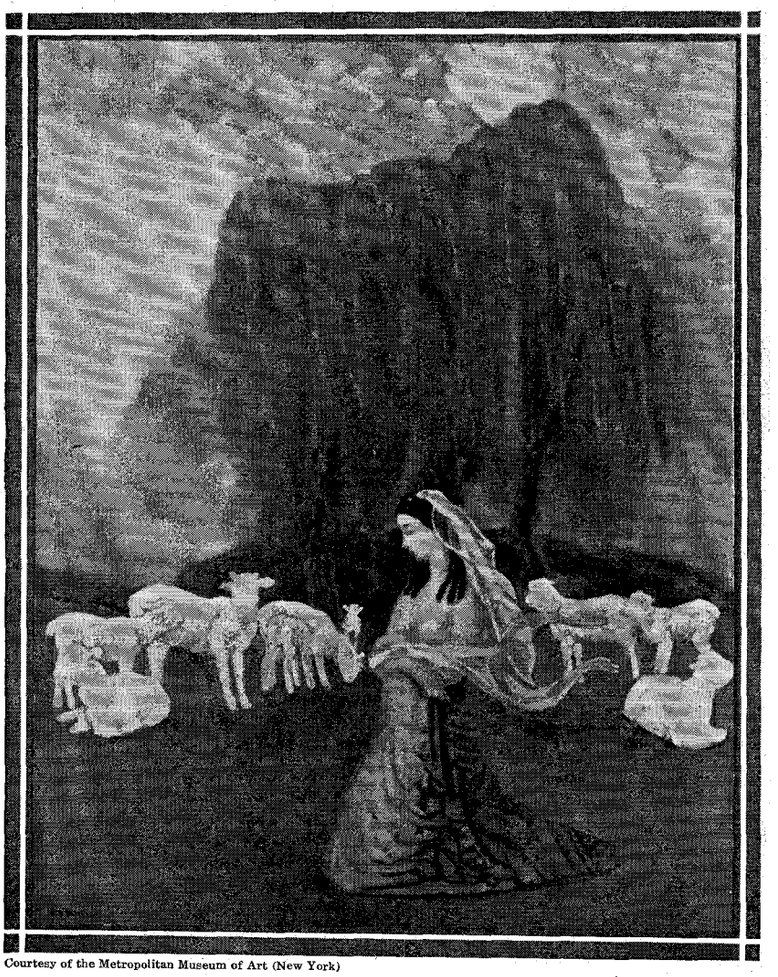
"The only thing that comes back to me is the episode of 'The Giggling Boats.'

"The late William Macbeth had taken up Davies enthusiastically. His gallery was then on Fifth Avenue near Madison Square. He gave the artist a one-man show in the cellar-room, and all New York that could struggled up and down the narrow stairs that led to it.

"As they came up the strait-laced people would raise their hands protestingly, as tho to say, 'What is the world coming to?' and downstairs the uproar of debate equaled the later disturbances over the famous 'Nude Descending the Stairs' at the Armory show.

"But the shrillest objector of all on the occasion of my visit was an individual who had taken a stand before 'The Giggling Boats,' a little marine with some sailboats dancing upon the waves of Long Island Sound, and proclaiming to all and sundry: 'This is a silly picture.'

"It happened merely to be poetic."



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art (New York)

"THE WILLOW"—A DAVIES FANTASY

In the brilliant essay that Mr. Bryson Burroughs writes for the introduction to the catalog of the exhibition much is made of the fact that Davies "was of Welsh descent, and many characteristics of his race were evident in him. Something of the fantastic, visionary genius of the Celt was certainly his." The sympathetic spectator is conscious of no incongruities even when what is represented in his pictures is foreign to his experience. Thus:

"The people of that country have bodies like ourselves, but bodies free from the ills of humanity; they are always young and untroubled by sickness or infirmities or bitter thoughts; their preoccupations, when they have preoccupations other than pleasing their beholders, are manifested in rhythmical movements and studied attitudes as tho they were taking part in a dance. The world of his pictures was in his own imagination; its appearances are copied, often scrupulously with finest observation, from actual facts."

Davies was born in Utica, New York, in 1862, and showed his artistic bent when a boy. At the age of eighteen he went to Mexico as a drafting civil engineer, then he turned to a business career, but his art studies were never neglected. Mr. Burroughs continues:

"His schooling, it should be noted, was rather casual, and his sensitive temperament was left free to select its own suitable nutriment.

"He was untouched by the then fashionable art instruction imported from Paris and Munich—the doctrines that any literary or poetic tendency was a sign of weakness and that the correct rendering of values or aerial perspective was the supreme aim of the painter. Intuitively he turned to the artists with whom his peculiar genius, as yet unproved, was in accord—Blake, Ryder, and the painters of the Romantic school whose pictures he could come in contact with. In literature his choice was equally fitting—legends, fairy-tales, translations from the Greek poets, the drama and poetry of the Elizabethans, the

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poetry of Blake, Coleridge, and Poe. But he seems not to have read overmuch.

"The spectacle of life was his passion; he took long walks; he sketched in the suburbs and in the country; he attended athletic events—was an enthusiast about baseball and knew the batting averages of all the famous players."

The people of Davies's pictures live in the Garden of Eden. But "children he copied in their natural moods, just as they are indeed, and his animals—all those ponies and lambs and goats—are vividly real." With all this comes another "but":

"But no one who knows the struggle of life, no one who is aware that he must eat his bread in the sweat of his face, can be a part of that Garden of Eden before the Fall, which is the world of Davies's invention.

"Those who are at home there have never eaten of the tree.

"They have not inherited the penalty of Adam; they do not show in their faces the marks of human endeavors and inquietudes. That they have an impersonal appearance, which they tended more and more to assume as the artist's years progressed, was not mere carelessness or impatience on his part perhaps; it may have been due to an unconscious sense of appropriateness. A similar bent toward general, as opposed to individual, characterization is not unfrequent among imaginative artists of spontaneous disposition."

Davies was not shut up and confined in his dream world. What modern American art owes to him is something incalculable:

"After the intuitive disposition of his youth passed from him, he was searching always, sometimes rather feverishly indeed, for new paths.

"When the contemporaneous style in art, the so-called Post-Impressionist style, penetrated to America he became, among the first, the most devoted and capable of its adherents. His still boyish eagerness and his contagious enthusiasm marked him as the leader among those who accepted the ideas of the Post-Impressionists as the open sesame to a virgin treasure house of art.

"Altho his greatest joy was in ceaseless production, he willingly gave up all thought of his own work for a season in order that he might introduce to America and make popular the new formulas.

"The Armory Exhibition of 1913 was the result.

"He was the moving spirit of that enterprise, and the selection of the works shown and their installation in the Armory were entirely under his direction. As part of his activities in relation to it he visited all the cities of Europe where the modern style was taking form, meeting the artists, choosing the exhibits, and arranging for their transportation. Such executive energy and efficiency were very astonishing in the solitary and idealist, as he had hitherto been considered. The doors of the exhibition once opened, with the amazing and enormous success the like of which this country had never before experienced, Davies, shunning all the plaudits and the uproar and the notoriety, locked himself in his studio and took up his own work again with his same old assiduity and self-sufficiency! . . .

"His energy was unabated to the end of his life.

"After the day's work at painting and drawing, he would spend his evenings carving statuettes out of wood or alabaster or making some delicate thing in glass or enamel. He designed rugs and tapestries, and found time to oversee their execution in the final material. He made lithographs and etchings and aquatints.

"And everything he put his hand to, as has been said, in these unpractised activities as well as in his accustomed painting and drawing, bore the indubitable stamp of himself.

"It is hazardous to rate reputations and to pass verdict on the merit of the art of one's own time—such questions are better left for posterity's decision. But an outstanding personality revealed in all an artist's productions is surely one test of the permanency of excellence. Davies triumphs in such a test. The fact that all the works of his multifarious and exuberant career are so clearly and consistently infused with his own personality proves at least the authenticity and the integrity of his genius.

"In his last years he reverted in some measure to the mood of his young manhood—clothing this mood, however, in the wider power that many studies and sophistications had engendered. He returned to pure landscape, and on his yearly visits to Europe, after New York had become distasteful to him, executed an incredible number of pictures in France and Italy—water colors mostly, but many ambitious oil paintings as well, such as the one he was engaged upon in Italy in 1928, when death came to him."

ANIMAL NOISES IN MUSIC

THE SONGS OF BIRDS, the roars and screams of wild beasts, the bray of the ass, the bleating of the sheep, the hum of the bee, and the shrill note of the mosquito—these and many other animal and insect noises may be heard in the compositions of the greatest masters of music.

In an article entitled "Animals in Orchestration," contributed to *Natural History* (New York), Myron Ackland gives an impressive catalog of instances where these animal voices have been utilized in musical compositions. He writes:

"It is possibly a novel idea to some that animals have taken any appreciable part in the mental imagery of the musician. Not all composers of merit have utilized animals, or the sounds and movements of animals, in the development of their themes. The notable exceptions are the three big B's of music—Bach, Brahms, and Beethoven. Beethoven alone used an animal motif, and he did so only twice. These appear in his 'Song of the Skylark' and in his well-known 'Pastoral Symphony,' in which is heard, from wind and string, imitations of the nightingale, the cuckoo, and the quail.

"It is a well-known fact that Beethoven was a lover of nature. Bach and Brahms may have been as profound in their love as Beethoven, but it was never revealed in any of their works.

"In contrast with Bach and Brahms, there was a perfect marvel of versatility in the musical treatment of animals by Saint-Saëns. This composer not only admired nature and animals, but knew them in a supremely poetical way. In his 'Carnival of the Animals' there are represented not less than a dozen. He introduces the King of Beasts to the rhythm of a 'Royal March.' There is a swiftly moving passage intended to suggest the rapid pace of the wild ass. One hears also the musical cackling and crowing of hens and roosters. A much retarded passage is reminiscent of the turtle; and, in a different passage, gracefully bounding chords call to mind the kangaroo. A lumbering, clumsy movement is, for the nonce, an elephant. A bray from the brasses can mean none other than he of the 'Long Ears.' Sinuous and full of grace are the bars that suggest the fishes. A 'cuckoo, cuckoo,' as plainly as one could desire, together with an entire chorus of other musical chirps and warblings, transports the hearer for a moment to a veritable fairy forest of feathered songsters. Finally, a soft, low, but majestic movement conjures up a vision of a swimming white swan.

"Birds are found frequently in the realm of music. Quite often, as might be expected, they go hand in hand with the author's reaction to the advent of spring: witness, 'On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring,' by Debussy; 'Spring,' by Vivaldi; and 'Woodland Sketches,' by MacDowell.

"Among other notable pieces containing the bird motif are 'Sounds from the Forest' in Wagner's *Siegfried:* 'The Pines of Rome,' by Respihgi; Franz Liszt's 'The Nightingale'; and Beethoven's 'Song of the Skylark.' César Franck in his 'St. Francis of Assisi' has written perhaps the most delightful composition in which birds play a predominating part.

"In the order of frequency, horses rank next to birds, tho, with the possible exception of Wagner in his 'Troll King,' no one seems to have used the horse in the singular; rather always in pairs, teams, or galloping troops.

"In 'Phaëton,' by Saint-Saëns, the composer has powerfully wrought the picture of Apollo's runaway steeds, as they draw the great sun-chariot across the sky. Not less vivid are the horses of Wagner in his 'Ride of Valkyries' as they plunge down the vale of dead and dying heroes to the famed Valhalla of Scandinavian mythology. Similar in treatment is 'The Ride to Hell, by Berlioz. In Mendelssohn's, 'Midsummer Night's Dream' there is a remarkably lifelike 'hee-haw, hee-haw' suggesting a near relative of the horse.

"Among the daintiest, lightest, and, in a way, the most 'fetching' sketches are those in which musicians have given us their understanding of insects. There are two of these on the bee, 'Bombola' by Hadley, originally a conductor; and Rimsky-Korsakoff's 'The Flight of the Bumble Bee.' The latter remains virtually unmatched for its sheer charm of expression. A darting, zigzag piece indeed is the 'Dragon Fly,' by Josef Strauss. And Liadow, by means of a highly pitched violin score, has rendered both suggestively and humorously 'The Dance of the Mosquito.' In this category, tho it may not be strictly an orchestral selection, belongs also Chopin's 'Papillion'—the nearest that we shall ever come, perhaps, to a musical butterfly."

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Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

ARTHUR B. DAVIES'S PUZZLING "UNICORNS"

MAJOR PUTNAM'S PICTURESQUE LIFE

MAJOR GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM always walked to work, got there at nine and stayed till four.

The dean of America's publishing world, he was eighty-five when he died recently.

Many long tributes were printed in the papers, but *The New Yorker* saw the facts themselves of his life more telling than the usual encomiums, and here they stand:

"In his building in Forty-fifth Street he never used the elevator but always walked up the stairs.

"He seldom rode in automobiles—never seemed to get used to them. He grew up in the days of carriages and sleighs and never became accustomed to modern traffic.

"He had a fine disdain for the red and green lights, and was always being knocked down by motor-cars. Once this happened a few hours before he was to give a lecture. He gave it, and found out the next day he had a broken rib. He was used to working under difficulties and against odds. He was shot in the right arm during the Civil War, and that member was disabled for the remainder of his life. He dictated the fifteen books he turned out.

"His activites were enormous and varied.

"He wrote and lectured on all sorts of subjects—the Civil and other wars, the Church, Indian affairs, the Sullivan gun law, Lincoln, copyright problems, free trade. He was a great controversialist. A lifelong Democrat, he was also a lifelong enemy of Tammany. He opposed Wilson's original non-interference policy, the Irish Free State movement, La Follette, full payment of the European war loans, and a dozen other things.

"Twice, in recent years, he was howled down during speeches he gave here, because of pro-British leanings. He was born in London, paid taxes both in England and America, and crossed the ocean a hundred and sixty-five times, once in a leaky vessel that barely made it.

"In his teens he carried proofs for his father's publishing house to Washington Irving, and before he was twenty he had met Thackeray, Fenimore Cooper, and Bayard Taylor, and had heard Lincoln speak at Cooper Union. He sat on a platform behind William Cullen Bryant, who presided.

"The Major was attending the University of Göttingen when the Civil War started. He came here and enlisted in a New York regiment. He entered the Army as a private and was mustered out as a Major. In between somewhere he had a whack at being a chaplain.

"Once he organized a baseball game outside the picket lines. Rebel sharpshooters not only picked off his outfield just as his team was about to trim the Thirteenth Connecticut, but also got away with the ball. He was captured in battle and sent to Danville.

"He had one of the few toothbrushes in the prison and refused three hundred dollars for it.

"The Major couldn't accustom himself to the present-day high-pressure methods of book-publishing. He used to talk about the leisure and dignity of the industry in the days of his middle life. Big advance royalties to authors he considered a curse.

"He treasured a receipt for fourteen dollars given his father by Edgar Allan Poe, an advance on some of Poe's poems. Myrtle Reed, who wrote 'Lavender and Old Lace,' used to plan her novels so they would be delivered to his desk on his birthday, together with a red rose for every year of his life.

"Major Putnam liked jury duty, never dodged it. He was foreman of the grand jury which investigated the failure of ex-President Grant and Ferdinand Ward. Olga Nethersole wept on his shoulder at the time of the court proceedings against 'Sappho' here, nearly forty years ago. He found time to be president of half a score of organizations.

"He founded the English-Speaking Union in this country, and established forty branches of it. He liked chess, hated the movies. He took up smoking as an old man. Until his last illness he was willing to take on any one his age at tennis."

THE COVER—No one, who has seen Ireland, can fail to recognize its essential aspects here.

The wide expanses of blue and green, the rolling land bare of trees and flecked with white cottages.

A certain sense of loneliness that the houses gather in with themselves.

Mr. Power O'Malley was born in County Waterford, Ireland, and he has not forgotten the old country, tho he has studied his art in New York, Italy, and France.

He returned to Ireland in 1913, where he painted and exhibited at the Gaelic League in Dublin. An exhibition of his paintings held in New York in 1919 created unusual interest in art circles which was repeated a year later, after another visit to Ireland.

He has spent the last four years in California and the West.

Visits to the countries named have furnished him subjects for his art, but in none of his paintings is he seen so at home as in those depicting Old Erin. It is even remarked that "it begins to seem as tho the Fates would finally oblige him to take permanent residence in the land of his dreams." Quoting a critique:

"The sense of cool sunlight in Mr. O'Malley's paintings of the spare Irish countryside, with its scattered white-walled houses and rocky pastures, is very feelingly interpreted. There is a suggested breath of air from the sea and stirring of fleecy cloud overhead, while the effect is obtained with smooth-flowing brushwork and rich, well-restrained color. 'The Hill of Muckish' is one of the best of these landscapes."

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RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

THE BLASPHEMOUS SOVIET EASTER

THE RESURRECTION IS TO BE CELEBRATED in Russia with another crucifixion.

Religion is to be strangled to death.

But where put the responsibility, or how divide it?

Are the Bolsheviki entirely to blame for the repudiation of all creeds and for their obscene blasphemies? Is any of the guilt an inheritance from the church that flourished under the Czars? And is the persecution as fierce and merciless as reported?

A welter of conflicting words flows out of Russia.

Let us see:

While Christians and Jews throughout the rest of the world were supplicating God during the middle of this month on behalf of the Russian faithful of all creeds, the All-Union Society of Militant Atheists, dispatches tell us, were forwarding plans for a blasphemous observance of Easter.

International Newsreel photograph

DENOUNCING RELIGION IN RUSSIA

The atheists, writes Reginald Wright Kauffman in the New York *Herald Tribune*, will hold a public bonfire of icons and sacred pictures of all sects in the Red Square in Moscow on Easter Eve. On Easter Day 10,000 new members of the "Union of Godless" will be received publicly into the Communist party by a ceremony satirizing the reception of converts into various Christian and Jewish sects. A play entitled "The Baptism of Russia" will be given at the State Theater, and the chief feature of the motion-picture houses will be a picture called "The Lord's Supper," depicting that sacred event as a drinking party at which the disciples become intoxicated.

The atheistic drive is to be directed against the home and the school. *The Godless One*, official organ of the Society of Militant Atheists, announces, "By liquidating the kulak [rich peasant] as a class we will bring about the fall of his chief support, which is religion. We will convert the State and collective farms into great centers of atheism." *Isviestia* says that the world-wide agitation against the Soviet Union is based only on the fear that the Bolsheviki will succeed in their five-year plan of industrializing the nation, and so become a menace to the capitalistic world.

Thus the Russian atheists greet the general petition sent up in the week of March 16 by all Roman Catholics and Anglicans at the behests of Pope Pius and the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the united prayers of other churches, and the massed protest of Judaism.

So the war between religion and Communism goes on.

Seventy thousand churches, synagogs and mosques have been closed by the Russian Government in the twelve years of its antireligious campaign, according to the Jewish Telegraphic Agency, which also reports that in the last two months of 1929 no less than 540 churches, 63 synagogs, and 18 mosques were closed. Yet the Soviet magazine *Kulturni Front* reports that the results of a questionnaire sent out to the workers of the Moscow district show that only 43 per cent. of the answers were directly hostile to religion, while 25 per cent. were positively in favor of religion.

In the meantime, the Soviet Government is reported to have moderated its policy against the churches and to have cautioned antireligious propagandists that antireligious demonstrations by the masses should be spontaneous and voluntary, and not provoked by force or formal administrative orders. It is significant, too, that six rabbis at Minsk, headed by Chief Rabbi Menachem Gluskin, have appealed to Jews throughout the world, the United Press informs us, not to support the religious crusade being organized against the Soviet Union. The rabbis deny that any of their colleagues have been executed, and defend the Soviet régime.

On top of this comes a statement from Premier Alexis Rykov that the Soviet Union does not persecute persons on account of religious belief, that complete freedom is granted to all beliefs, religious as well as antireligious, and that prosecution of the clergy is only for violation of law or for counter-revolutionary activity. This statement was made to Ed L. Keen, vice-president of the United Press for Europe, who has been investigating conditions in Russia at first-hand. He visited Premier Rykov in the latter's office in the Kremlin, and quotes him as saying:

"One of your questions implies prosecutions, imprisonments, etc., for religious belief.

"I do not know of any such cases. They would hardly be possible on Soviet soil, where there is freedom for all kinds of faiths and creeds.

"Such rumors are either the result of wilful lies or distortions of actual facts for political purposes.

"I do not deny that churches have been closed and diverted for other purposes.

"But such happenings never occur except upon request of mass meetings in the local communities.

"In every case when it is proposed to divert a church to some other purpose, final sanction of the presidium of the Central Executive Committee of the Soviet Union is required, but whenever a church for lack of support is not being used it may be taken for other needs upon the decision of local authorities.

"It is quite true that the number of churches in the Soviet Union has considerably decreased. This is due to various social, economic, and political reasons. One of them is that we have prohibited religious propaganda in our educational and cultural institutions, and we strictly punish violators of this law."

Perhaps the most amazing feature of the Soviets' war on

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religion, writes Mr. Keen in a later dispatch, is the "placidity with which it seems to be accepted even by Russian Church adherents." He finds a noticeable lack of resentment. Does it mean that the Russians are more concerned over the fate of their cows and pigs than over the fate of their churches and pastors, or that they do not possess the stuff of which martyrs are made? Says Mr. Keen:

"It is difficult to answer these questions satisfactorily, but some maintain that the Orthodox Church of old Russia failed to reach the innermost recesses of the hearts of its adherents.

"To many peasants the Church furnished the pageantry of ceremonial, but it did the same for the Czarist autocracy, landlords, and the machinery of oppression. When the revolution overthrew the Czars and restricted the churches, the world did not stop, the peasants learned. And through twelve long years they have accustomed themselves to the change.

"The recent sharp increases in antireligious activities—so sharp that it has startled the outside world—caused little or no surprize here, as it was merely part of the intensive new drive of the ruling Communists in all departments of national life.

"During the Christmas season, according to atheistic claims, about 1,000 churches throughout Russia were converted to 'useful' purposes—that is, to anything from a schoolroom to a factory—and the process continues, but there are still 50,000 churches functioning in Russia, with 30,000 priests officiating."

And, writes Mr. Keen, services are still conducted without apparent interference in great churches for those who care to attend, and he himself attended a service at the famed Cathedral of Our Holy Saviour, where a congregation of 500, composed mostly of adults, "was as devout as any to be seen in Rome, London, or New York. All seemed deeply moved by the solemn and picturesque Orthodox Church ceremonial and the magnificent antiphonal chorals."

Then Mr. Keen visited the mausoleum of Lenin, temporarily closed pending reconstruction, but when that has been finished, he says, "the crowds will come again daily to gaze in awe on the lifelike embalmed corpse under its glass, a holy shrine symbolic of the principles which have become the guiding star of the destinies of 150,000,000 people."

In view of all this, it may not be surprizing that some of our own clergy and press are cautioning us against the massed protests stirred up by the reported persecutions in Russia. Thus, eighty-seven leading ministers in New York City have signed a statement prepared by the executive committee of the Conference of Younger Churchmen in which they disassociate themselves from the Church protests against conditions in Russia, and suggest a commission of inquiry.

The statement, which is widely quoted in the press, regrets that "a note of humility and a recognition of the historical facts which have caused this policy have been omitted from these protests," and recites:

"The Church in Russia has tended to aline itself with the instruments of oppression against which the revolution was a reaction, and we confess that all religious institutions have contained this tendency to become identified with the dominant economic and social order of their environment.

"Indeed, we believe that antireligious Communism is a product of the failure of the Churches to recognize their obligations to the social and economic needs of the people.

"We deplore and denounce the intolerance which induces the Soviet Government to prohibit the free exercise of religion; we hold no brief for Communism as a political creed, but we believe that whatever values may be born out of the Russian social experiment should be given the opportunity to mature.

"We, therefore, believe that the most strategic method of combating the antireligious policy of the Communists is to prove to them that their policy is based upon a distorted conception of religion, and that this can best be done by increasing our own efforts for a cooperative and just society."

"I am inclined to think that the representations of religious persecution we have received from Russia are grossly exaggerated," says Dr. Henry Darlington, rector of the Church of the Heavenly Rest, as he is quoted in the metropolitan press. "At any rate, if the Russian Church is suffering, she has brought it largely upon herself through her ignorance and gross superstition and through allying herself with privilege rather than with the people." So, too, Dr. Samuel Schulman, rabbi of Congregation Emanu-El, asserts that the Russian antireligious campaign might be explained as a reaction to a "domineering Church" under the Czars, and says, as he is quoted in the press, that "the Soviet at its worst is better than the Czaristic Government was," and that "at least it treats Jews like any other religious group. . . . At all events, persecution can never destroy a religion." And from the pulpit of the Madison Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, Dr. Ralph W. Sockman says that "the present protest against religious persecution in Russia illuminates a strange inconsistency in our American attitude toward religion. We will tolerate no interference with our religion by other people, but we allow all sorts of interference by other things."

Turning to the press, we find some representative papers ascribing the Soviet hostility to the Orthodox Church and agreeing that reports of persecution are exaggerated. The New York *Herald Tribune* says that the old Greek Church, "beautiful as it was in some of its mystic manifestations, also included within its ranks grossly superstitious, ignorant, and even degenerate men and practises." As to the reported persecution, "apparently there have been no executions of priests for a decade; the church bells still ring in Moscow, according to American correspondents whose ears are not likely to be mistaken; and most of the churches are still open for worship." Religious people will regret the Soviet campaign, and believe it "ultimately futile." But "they will do well, however, to consider carefully how much public and emphatic expression of their regret is likely to help the cause for which they feel so deeply." Outside protests will have little effect, thinks the Galveston *Tribune*, and, anyway, it says:

"The problem remains Russia's, and it no doubt will be worked out in Russia.

"No mere political movement can crush the feeling of religion out of a great people, and if the Russian masses want their Church saved, they will save it.

"Nothing contributes more to the success of a religion than persecution, and the emotional opposition aroused by it has overthrown stronger governments than the Soviet."

On the other hand, the Seattle *Times*, which also represents a large body of opinion, thinks that the Russian onslaught on religion may well be made the subject of thought, prayer, and effort throughout the world, and reminds us that other nations already have demonstrated their capacity to resist the economic experimentalism of the Bolshevists; "but tho they call themselves Christian nations, none yet has ventured any real remonstrance against the most savage assault upon Christianity that the world has ever known." And here is something to stir the blood of all those who lift their eyes to the Cross:

"*The Times* lately received an authentic copy of the front page of a Soviet magazine of large circulation, published in Moscow. It consists of a cartoon so viciously sacrilegious as almost to baffle description. At one side a workman with a sledge is shown breaking up a church bell, while in the foreground two brutish, grinning men, with a wheelbarrow, are dumping an emaciated and grotesque figure of the Christ into a hole they have digged for it.

"Disbelief is not wholly unaccountable; even outright atheism has its elements of plausibility. But when a Government ruling over vast areas would constrain its millions of people to an intensity of hatred for Christianity, and every other form of religion, it seems time to reckon upon the consequences. The leaders and the followers of every faith and creed stand challenged.

"Every instinct of decency in the world is astir to offset and repel an onslaught so malignant."

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A SAINT IN POLITICS

AND WHAT OF INDIA?

There is Mahatma Gandhi, up from his spinning-wheel, marching to the sea—a frail shell of a man, weighing less than 100 pounds, central figure in a subcontinent of eight principal religions, some 222 languages, 2,300 castes and subcastes—one-fifth of the human race.

In London they debate if, how, and when they shall disarm. Mahatma Gandhi leans on the Golden Rule and challenges an empire with a smile and a shrug. He will not obey until dominion status is given to India.

Ridiculed, beaten, flung into the gutter, he believes still that his simple gospel of non-violence will win in the end—after all the bombs and battle-ships have done their work and failed—Gandhi with his spinning-wheel.

His campaign of civil disobedience will be a violation of the law and a danger to peace, the Viceroy, Lord Irwin, has told him, we read in the dispatches. But the Mahatma persists. He is marching to the sea to further his campaign. The Sermon on the Mount is his book of etiquette.

Mahatma Gandhi has been pictured to us many times. But a new sort of conflict is presaged in far-off India, and it may be well to look again at the frail man, a saint among his people, who may yet sway the destiny of an empire and inaugurate a new era in the East.

To understand the situation in India, writes Sherwood Eddy in *The Christian Leader* (Universalist), we must first of all recognize the significance of the strange elements that compose it. Mr. Eddy is secretary for Asia of the Y. M. C. A. He has lived in India, and is the author of "The Awakening of India" and many other books. He attended the Indian National Congress at Lahore at the opening of the New Year. In bringing to us his own view of the situation, he tells us that there is first of all the strange figure of Gandhi himself, "perhaps the most unique man in the world, seeming at first sight a frail, almost toothless old man and mystic saint, yet the very incarnate soul of India, quietly, unalterably, determined that his country shall be free. Gentle as a child, yet he is as hard to move as a mountain, once his mind is made up. He is the center and pivot of the Congress and of the whole situation in India to-day." Mr. Eddy says:

"I shall always remember Gandhi at his spinning-wheel with the warm light of the Indian sun falling upon him as he sat upon the floor of his simple room and talked with us quietly of the approaching crisis in India's history.

"His bodily presence, like that of the Apostle Paul or Socrates, is at first sight weak and unprepossessing: a small, emaciated figure, weighing less than a hundred pounds, bearing the marks of days of fasting, of five imprisonments and of long hours of work, beginning daily with his hour of prayer at four every morning. Three times he has been beaten by mobs, and once left prone in the gutter as one dead.

"He has a round, close-cropped head, large ears, a rather long nose, a quiet, pensive face, save when it lights in a smile or ripples with laughter, as it so often does. But this only reveals his few remaining front teeth. It is characteristic of the man that he makes use of artificial dentistry at meal-time for practical purposes, but will have no 'false' teeth for the sake of appearance between times.

"After three days spent in his *ashram*, or social settlement, he imprest us as the most childlike, the most transparent, the most lovable of men. (His whole character is centered in his unique passion for truth and reality.)

"His autobiography reveals the most inflexibly honest man of our times. (His principle of *satyagraha*, meaning truth force or soul force as opposed to brute force, leads logically to *ahisma*, meaning non-killing, non-injury and non-violence to any living being.)

"This is embodied in his character as love, sympathy, and identification with all human suffering. (He believes that moral suasion or love, and love alone, is sufficient to meet every situation in life.) This in turn leads to non-possession or poverty, whereby one shall not keep for himself anything which he does not really need. This results in the progressive simplification of life.

"His utterly selfless humility and shyness are strangely coupled with quiet boldness. It is difficult to realize that this frail man was once silent and timid before all strangers, a dumb failure in his first law case, a confessed 'coward,' afraid to sleep in the dark, yet now is perhaps the most fearless man in the world.

"His description of the former Indian leader Gokhale might be applied with even more truth to himself: 'Pure as crystal, gentle as a lamb, brave as a lion, and chivalrous to a fault. He was and remains for me the most perfect man on the political field.' He is a saint strayed into politics, who is working in the spiritual, social, and political spheres as one undivided whole of life."

An *ashram*, says Mr. Eddy, was originally a forest dwelling where an ancient *rishi*, or seer, trained his disciples, and he tells us:

"This company of a hundred and fifty men, women, and children is one of two such social centers where Mr. Gandhi is training workers for the service of the country. Like his own life, the *ashram* is based upon truth, love, and chastity (or the observance of continence or celibacy both for married and unmarried who are solely devoted to the service of the country, altho normal married life is expected for those not thus called to special service). This implies the control of the palate, or 'eating only for sustaining the body and keeping it a fit instrument for service,' together with poverty, or the non-possession of anything one does not really need for the simple life. The service for all in training includes spinning, manual labor, even the most menial, the removal of untouchability from the deprest outcastes, sanitation, agriculture, national education in character, etc., etc."

Gandhi, says Mr. Eddy, has received greater devotion than any man in India since the time of Gautama Buddha, some twenty-five centuries ago:

"He has aroused new hope and a sense of human worth in many of the sixty million untouchables and outcastes, and he has done more to break down the evils of the caste system among the 220,000,000 Hindus than any man in history.

"He has given to a war-torn world the hope of a new way of passive resistance; he has perhaps made possible the substitution of a moral equivalent for war; and for revolution a non-violent means that may prove more effective than the age-long custom of destruction and bloodshed as a means of obtaining liberty.

"If he should succeed, he conceivably might demonstrate the moral power of vicarious sacrifice and the spiritual application of the Sermon on the Mount to practical politics as more potent than all the guns of Prussian militarism, than all the ships of Britain, or all the dollars of America. In him India has found her soul, has found a voice."

And, concludes Mr. Eddy, it "is serious indeed and ominous for the future."

A NEW NATIONALIST RELIGION—Take the best in several religions, and stir them up together, then mix in a heavy measure of patriotism.

Such a recipe seems to have been adopted in Indo-China, where, says a Paris dispatch to the New York *Times*, a mixture of Taoism, Confucianism, Buddhism, and Christianity is playing an important part in the present revolutionary agitation.

French political agents in touch with the native population are reported to believe that "the new religion is being used in a subtle way to arouse the people to rebellion." And this new religion is only four years old, as the writer of the *Times* dispatch informs us:

"Under the mystic leadership of Le Van Trung, former adviser to the French Government and Officer of the Legion of Honor, Cao Daism, as the new cult is called, is making a strong appeal to the more intelligent portions of the population, especially natives employed in government services. From a humble beginning, in 1926, with several hundred adherents, it has grown to be a flourishing religion counting 600,000 enthusiastic supporters and 3,000 priests.

"By permitting converts to continue to accept what they regard as essential in their old beliefs, Cao Daism attempts to combine the best of all the established forms of worship. The new religion is said to be strongly flavored with nationalism, and the members of the cult are taught that by the concentration of their spiritual attention upon the supreme God—Cao Dai—'the independence of Indo-China,' which the gods of older religions failed to preserve, will later be restored."

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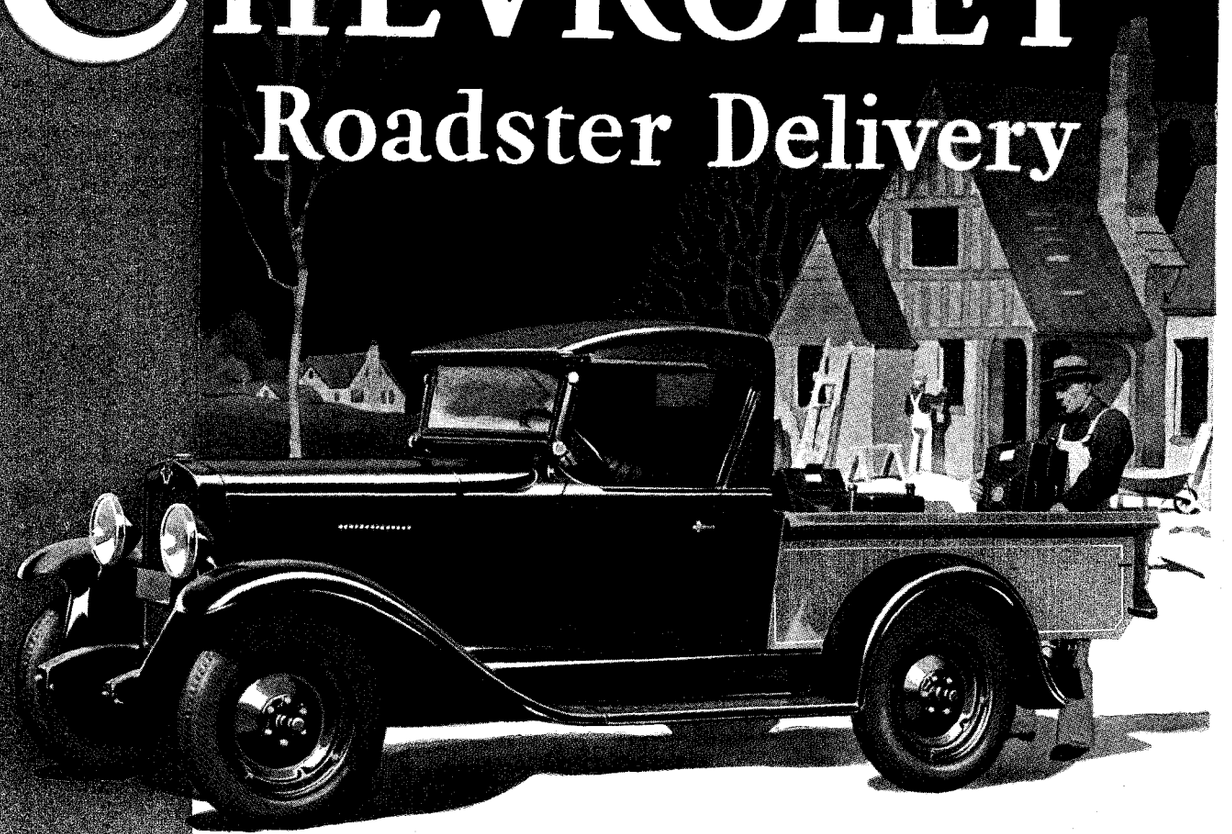
Announcing the CHEVROLET Roadster Delivery



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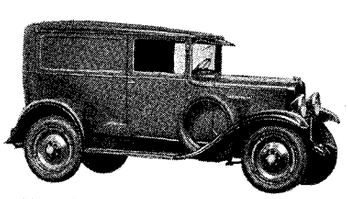

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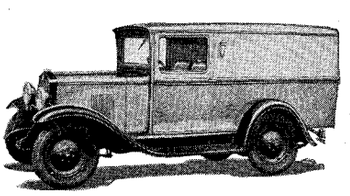

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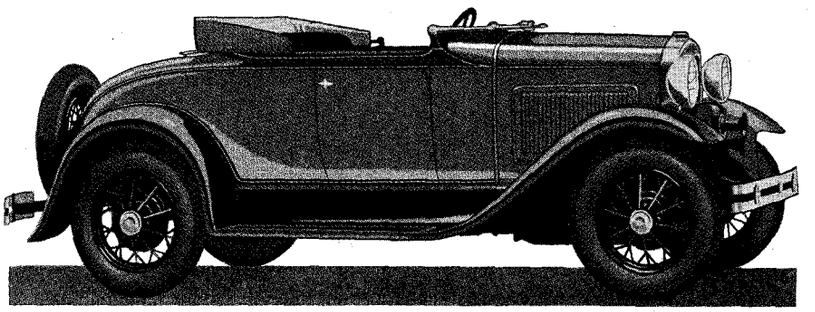

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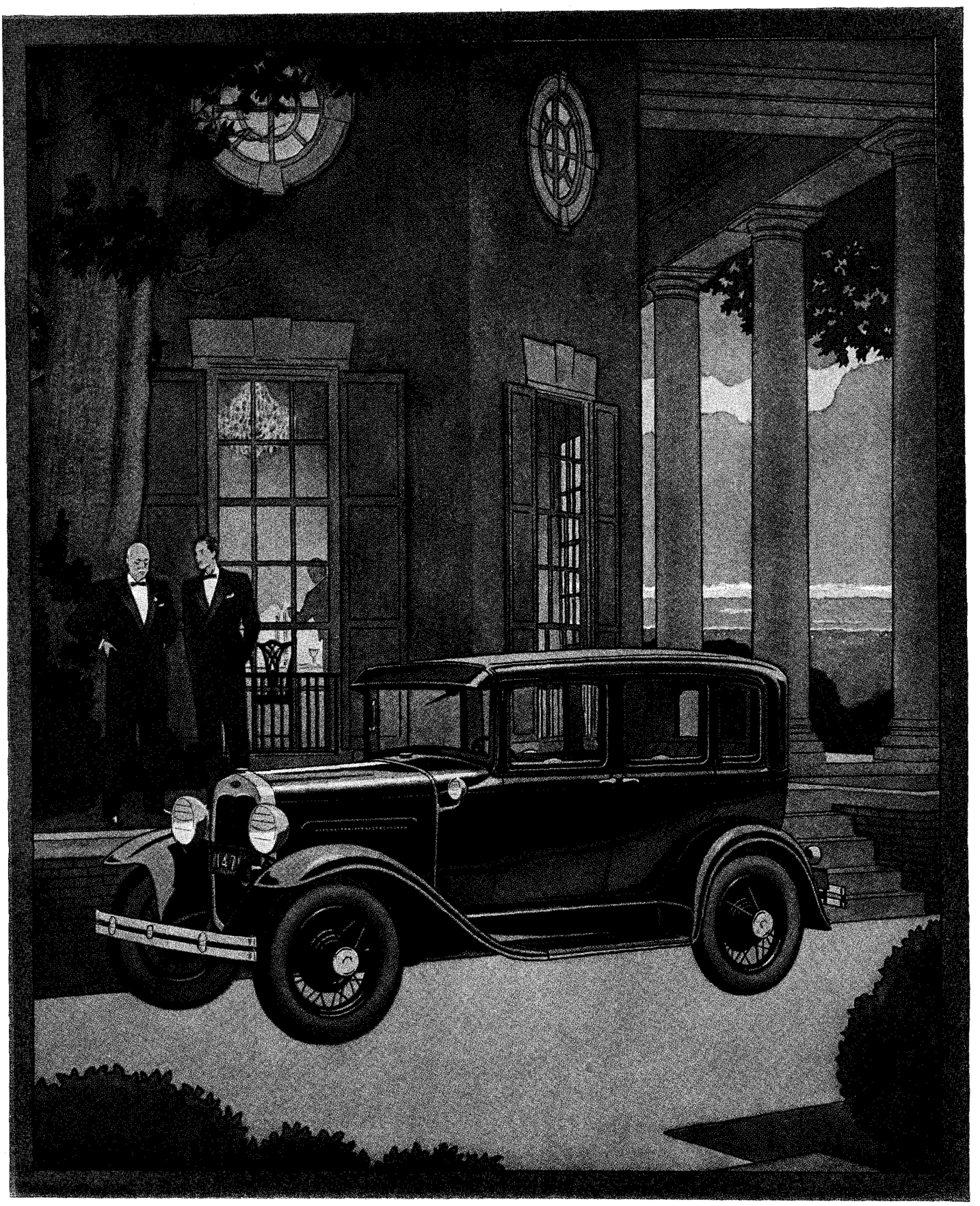

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CURRENT · POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned

CLASSIC and modern phrases are gaily mixed here in the "Conning Tower" of the New York *World*. How far away is Horace let the classicists decide:

A ROMAN VALENTINE

HORACE: BOOK III, ODE 9

"*Donec eram gratus tibi*"——

BY F. P. A.

Horace

In the happier years gone by me,
In a well-remembered day,
Yours the custom was to eye me
In a not unflattering way.
When than I none was than-whicher,
When none other dared to fling
Arms about you, I was richer
Than the noted Persian King.

Lydia

In those days how sweet the savor
Of mine overbrimming cup!
When no Chloe found your favor,
When I was not runner-up.
As I scan my memorabilia,
Muse I, with malicious glee,
That the famous Roman Ilia
Hadn't anything on me.

Horace

Now the roomy heart Horatian
Beating loudly in this breast
By the sweetly singing Thracian
Chloe's utterly possessed
If I thought that lovely lass'd
Like to see me dead, I'd take
Half a case of prussic acid
Gladly for her shining sake.

Lydia

What a fascinating game is
Love! My current cause for joy
Thurian Calais his name is—
Is old Ornytus's boy,
If I thought he'd like to view me
In the grave; that he would laugh
At my corse, I'd pour into me
All the poison I could quaff.

Horace

If no longer I should find her
As I used to find her: fair;
If I casually consigned her
To the justly famous air;
This affair—if I should quit it;
If I gazed again on you;
Do you think that we could hit it
Off the way we used to do?

Lydia

Yes. Though Calais is brighter
Than a coruscating star;
Rougher than the sea, and lighter
Than a piece of cork *you* are,
Horace, *you're* the only guy for
Me. All others I resign.
You're the lad I'd live for, die for—
And I'll be your Valentine.

A WARNING, in the New York *Sun*, often unheeded:

RETIRED BUSINESS MAN

BY ANDERSON M. SCRUGGS

He always said he would retire
When he had made a million clear,
And so he toiled into the dusk
From day to day, from year to year.

At last he put his ledgers up
And laid his stock reports aside,
But when he started out to live
He found he had already died.

THE most popular poem of the war is perhaps "In Flanders Fields." Yet memories are short. How many can repeat it? A translation of it into French appears in the London *Morning Post*, and we give the original for comparison. Mr. Roche is a veteran journalist, now in his eighty-third year, residing in Boulogne-sur-Mer:

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

BY JOHN MCCRAE

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place, and in the sky,
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard among the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe;
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

THE TRANSLATION

BY CHARLES EMILE ROCHE

"En champs de Flandre les coquelicots se bercent au vent entre les rangées de croix désignant nos tombes, et dans les cieux, les alouettes planent, chantant toujours bravement, à peine entendues parmi les canons grondant sous elles.

"Nous sommes les Morts. Quelques jours à peine, nous vivions, goûtions l'aube, voyions la clarté du soleil couchant, aimions et étions aimés et maintenant nous gisons en champs de Flandre.

"Relevez notre querelle avec l'ennemi; nos mains défaillantes vous jettent le flambeau; à vous de le tenir haut. Si vous nous manquez, à nous mourants, nous ne dormirons pas, même si les coquelicots poussent en champs de Flandre."

MORE and more we see revolt against the debunking spirit of the time. This in *The Saturday Review of Literature* poses the dilemma:

ONLY, IT HAPPENS

BY LEE WILSON DODD

Come, come, my pen, what shall we satirize?
Whom shall we try to hate, or whom despise?
Distilling secret venom from the spleen,
Let us spray poison on the tender, green
Young shoots now pushing up from this old clod
Called Earth, and wither the wild flowers of God.
Let no new thing escape us, let us be
The sworn foes of contemporaneity:
Such *is our function, so our critics say*——
And who are we, my pen, to say them nay!
Dip, then, and poise for action, sneer and scratch,
And emulate the frumious Bandersnatch. . . .

Only, it happens that to-day
I walked along a lonely beach
Beneath a sky, nor blue, nor gray,
And heard the sea-gulls grind and screech
Like ungreased wheels, and watched two crabs
Fight over carrion, with thin claws
High-lifted, threatening cruel dabs,
Dismembering nips . . . and just because
I found the sea-gulls beautiful
When they were silent and at rest,
And the small crabs, when came a lull
In conflict, thought the loveliest
Corroded coinage of the sea—
Somehow, my pen, I'd rather we
Refrained, and let the age drift by,
Too faint a cloud to stain the sky.

MR. CHEYNEY, in *The Poetry World* (New York), writes this "for one who objects to the lack of reticence" in his songs:

BLUSH FOR THE BIRDS

BY RALPH CHEYNEY

The cardinal wears a scarlet gown.
He perches high above the town
And flings impassioned music down
On sober merchant, solemn clown.

The blackbird preens on topmost twig
And sings till his little throat grows big
A tune as gay as a whirligig
To boor and pedant, bore and prig.

While even the timid hermit thrush
Will shatter the very quietest hush
With burning notes in wanton rush
Till the puritanical should blush.

For what is the burden of all they croon,
The sense of each glad rigadoon
They shrill so loud they almost swoon
In lyric dusk or blatant noon?

What nearly bursts each tiny throat
Has nothing to do with business or vote
Or bond or soul or book or note.
No, nothing at all he learned by rote.

Each lustrous anthem woos his mate,
And passion is each carol's freight.
For loving, laying must not wait
Till fall is here or season late.

He struts. He flirts. He is not prim.
Quite unaverse to your hearing him,
He sings for love and not your whim.
He is this poet's paradigm.

BELOW is called a "song in the dog-watch," one of two watches, of two hours each, between 4 and 8 P. M. The Philadelphia *Inquirer* prints it.

DREAMS

BY CHARLES BANCROFT

What is the song the sea bird's singing,
What is the message the winds are bringing
Here to me on the shore?

Ever the spray in tones is speaking,
Restless, the tides are always seeking
Things that we loved of yore.

High o'er the cliffs, beyond my reaching,
Often I call to you, beseeching,
Come to me just once more.

But 'tis the way of love unending,
Ever in life with memories blending
Dreams that our hearts adore.

HE would be overexacting who judged the letter vague. From the New York *Times:*

SHE ANSWERS THE LETTER

BY BARBARA YOUNG

When I shall hear you coming on the stair,
Step after step ascending to my door
Set wide for welcome, even as before—
When I shall turn and see you standing there,
The April sunlight lying on your hair—
When you come in and walk upon my floor,
Nothing will ever matter any more.
Let gray November fall. I shall not care.

Here is a fire, brave wine and goodly bread,
And our sweet row of books along the wall;
And here is love awaiting love, that all
Our hungers may be fully comforted.

And I will loose the twilight of my hair
When I shall hear you coming on the stair.

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PERSONAL • GLIMPSES

IVAN MICHAILOFF AND HIS "KETTLE OF HELL"

THE "KETTLE OF HELL" boiled over again.

Through an unguarded section of the frontier slipped the desperate band of horsemen for an attack like "a sortie of gangsters upon a rival group of racketeers," according to a copyrighted dispatch by M. W. Fodor in the New York *Evening Post*.

Photographs by courtesy of the author

KING IVAN OF IMRO

Meanwhile, in the Hotel National in the Jugo-Slavian border town of Pirot, a group of politicians had gathered to dine convivially. Ironically enough, the dinner was in honor of the signing of a Bulgarian-Jugo-Slavian pact designed to prevent just such incidents as followed.

Into Pirot stole the attacking band of *comitadjis*. Half a block from the hotel, we read in Mr. Fodor's account, "they broke into a gallop, pulled up sharply before the building and, at a given signal, shouted defiance of their enemies. Their yells brought the guests of the hotel to their lighted windows and the moment that their faces appeared, the horsemen hurled a volley of bombs.

"The hotel, shaken to its foundations, burst into flames, and while the Jugo-Slavian survivors attempted to rescue the dead and wounded the Bulgarian horsemen poured revolver fire through the shattered windows.

"One Jugo-Slavian was blown to pieces. Nine others were mutilated by bombs, while sixteen more fell wounded by the revolver shots of the escaping Bulgarians. During a hastily organized pursuit three others were seriously wounded."

Thus affairs go in Bulgaria and Jugo-Slavia under the invisible empire of Imro, as the Inner Macedonian Revolutionary Organization has been nicknamed.

Directed by Ivan Michailoff, their chief, who controls his "government," altho continually on the move through the mountain fastnesses of the Balkans, the members of the Imro are arrayed against formal governments and even the League of Nations. Their announced purpose is to drive the Jugo-Slavs from Macedonian territory, which they hope to unite with parts of Macedonia held by Greece and Bulgaria. The Imro was founded years ago to drive the Turks from Macedonian lands.

Recently John Bakeless, editor and expert on European affairs, made the long trip from America to Bulgaria to investigate the Imro organization and talk with Michailoff, who seems to be a king in all but name. Writing in *The Outlook and Independent*, he says:

It is a strange thing, this revolutionary government. A government run by outlaws who are also idealists. A government whose chief never sleeps more than a night or two in the same place. A government that is perpetually on the run. And yet a government that maintains an Army and an Army reserve, a secret postal system with stamps of its own, an intelligence service propaganda, a system of foreign representatives, a department of education, courts, laws, and executioners—the relentless political assassins of the Imro, who go out to kill, wherever they may find him, the man whom the Imro's secret courts have condemned to death.

After a ten-day sojourn in Sofia, Bulgaria, and after negotiations with revolutionary agents, Mr. Bakeless was at last taken for a long trip through the mountains to see Michailoff. But he did not meet this mysterious, elusive leader at the expected place, we learn from his sympathetic account. It was chilly in the mountains and the "man with a price upon his head had come down out of the innermost mountain fastnesses, at the risk of his life, all to save an importunate American the chance of taking cold!" And, as we shall see, he brought a most unusual gift. Of the meeting, which took place in an orchard of apple trees, we read:

Out of their leafy green a man emerged—slightly built but wiry, surprizingly young, yet with a keen, lined face, the face of a man whose whole life is consumed with one idea, a face that might with equal appropriateness have belonged to a saint of the early Church or the Roman emperor who ordered his persecution. He was simply clad in heavy brown homespun, the bright red and black woven wool stockings of the mountaineer and the low-cut *opintzi*, soft, rawhide slippers, hardly more than sandals except at the upturned toes, such as every peasant wears. He held out his hand and said simply: "Michailoff."

I stared in amazement. This unpretentious man with the gentle voice was not quite my idea of the ruthless leader of Macedonian *comitadjis*, whose secret power stretches over most of Europe.

He had not come unprotected. For as the peasant women spread a table for us under the apple trees, I looked up suddenly and saw his guard. Nine *comitadjis* stood there, under the hanging boughs, perfectly hidden from the road, in plain sight from the farmhouse, eying the American curiously. Sturdy, weather-beaten fellows, with hideous scars showing here and there, each man armed with rifle and pistol, each man with the stout leather bandolier, loaded with bombs and cartridges, which never leaves the *comitadji*, waking or sleeping, until he dies. In

ON BIBLE, DIRK, AND PISTOL THE *COMITADJIS* SWEAR FEALTY

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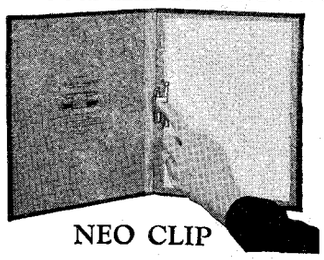

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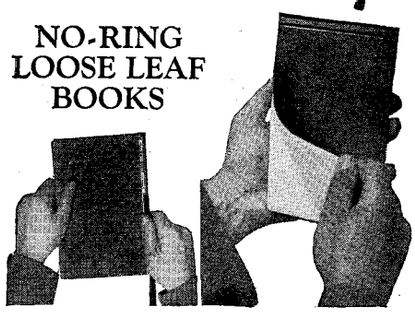

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

each a hundred rounds or so of ammunition and a handful of the wicked little bombs, no bigger than an egg, which the revolutionary government manufactures in its own secret arsenal, and stamps with its own initials to remind its enemies that the Imro's war knows no relenting. Their uniforms were simple—no military trappings or adornment—their breasts criss-crossed tangles of straps, securing the precious arms and equipment that must not be lost in the rough-and-tumble of even the fiercest mountain fighting.

We sat down under the trees, partly screened from the fine drizzle, the revolutionary leader immediately opposite, across the narrow table, the interpreter beside me. Most of the *comitadjis*, superbly indifferent to weather, wrapt themselves in their long cloaks and went to sleep under the trees.

In this picturesque, sylvan setting, Mr. Bakeless proceeded to draw Michailoff out in this manner:

"Precisely what are you fighting for?" I asked, as we sat down—literally "under the greenwood tree."

"A free and independent Macedonia," answered Michailoff instantly, with the precision of a man voicing an old and familiar thought. "It must be united to include the parts now in Bulgaria, Jugo-Slavia, and Greece.

"We do not care what we do, provided only that we keep the question alive. Bombs, assassinations, terrorism of any kind are good things, if they serve this one purpose."

These words gave the interviewer an opening for the question he had wanted to ask from the beginning, but had put off rather than precipitate a ticklish situation. Reading on:

I was curious to know how Ivan Michailoff regarded the ethics of assassination. Yet it was an awkward question to ask, none the less awkward because I was a guest—nor, to tell the truth, any easier because I was surrounded on every side by the men who had actually carried out the assassinations. It was unquestionably a moment for diplomacy—and I threw the blame upon the American public. This, said I, was a matter not well understood in America. It was therefore necessary to ask a tactless question:

"Is there any moral justification for political assassination?"

But I might have spared my painful efforts to be diplomatic. They were quite needless. Michailoff's face did not even change. His voice went on—quiet, even, well-bred, without a trace of anger or surprize. If Americans did not happen to understand this particular point, he would set them right—or so his quiet bearing seemed to say.

"Yes, of course there is. An agent of the Imro commits political assassination precisely as a soldier kills on the battlefield: for the sake of a cause—his country's freedom—and at the risk of his own life. We are fighting for the liberty of our country, precisely as you Americans fought a hundred and fifty years ago. Our enemies are fighting to keep us in slavery."

A MICHAILOFF RETAINER IN FIGHTING GEAR

Then they had luncheon, "such a luncheon as only the Macedonian mountains could provide." They feasted on such good things as these:

Thick soup with chicken in it, chicken cooked in oil, a salad of cucumbers, tomatoes, and the peppers which accompany almost every Bulgarian meal in summer, and then—lest the American guest might not have a palate for all this excellent Balkan fare—another chicken, broiled in the European style. Then a huge red *lubnitza* (watermelon), the favorite delicacy of the Balkans, then Turkish coffee, thick and sweet, and last of all, Bulgarian apples. The revolutionary chief picked up three that were larger, redder, rounder than the rest, and held them out.

"Mr. Michailoff wishes to present you with these apples," the interpreter began in explanation. "These apples do not grow in this part of the country. They are

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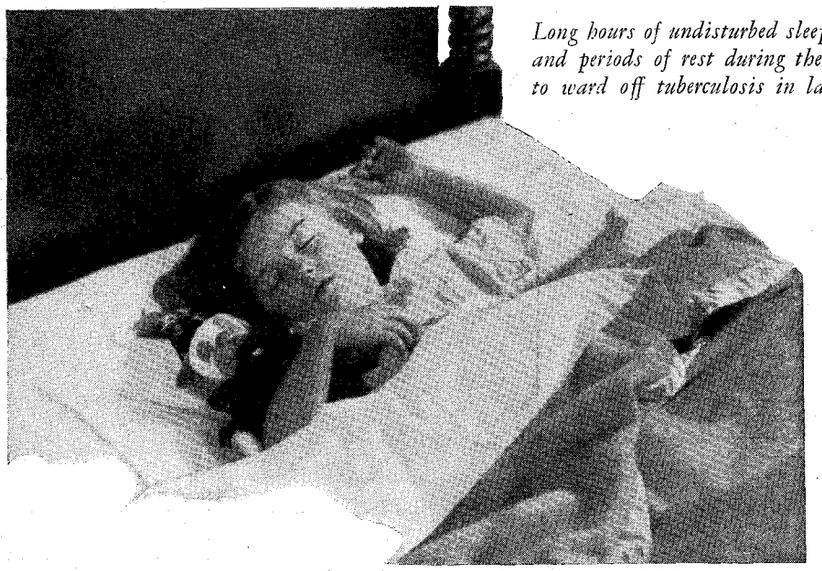
Prevent in time



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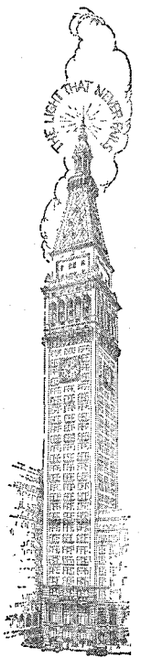
Children who come in frequent contact with anyone who has active tuberculosis are in grave danger, though they may look the picture of health and have none of the familiar warning signs—underweight, a cough, fatigue and poor digestion.

A large number of deaths from tuberculosis occur between the ages of 25 and 45. Yet in most of these cases the disease began in childhood, though there may have been a re-infection at some later time.

Contrary to the old-time belief, heredity does not plant the germs. Close contact with the disease in active form is usually responsible. The disease may lie dormant for many years and then flare up and become active following physical or mental strain, too heavy or too prolonged.

But there is no need to guess whether or not a child who has been exposed has picked up the germs. Modern science can now discover whether any damage has been caused by them. No longer are doctors compelled to rely merely upon such tests as tapping the chest, listening to the breathing, examining the sputum. They can be reasonably sure of correct diagnoses by including X-ray and tuberculin tests. Results from tuberculin tests are especially significant in children.

All children should be kept away from people who have tuberculosis. They should have regular, thorough physical examinations. If tuberculosis is discovered, modern restorative methods should be applied immediately.



Every child, no matter how healthy or sturdy, needs plenty of sleep, plenty of proper food, plenty of sunshine and fresh air. But the child who has picked up the germs of tuberculosis and is beginning to react to them needs additional care and a scientific health-building program under wise medical direction.

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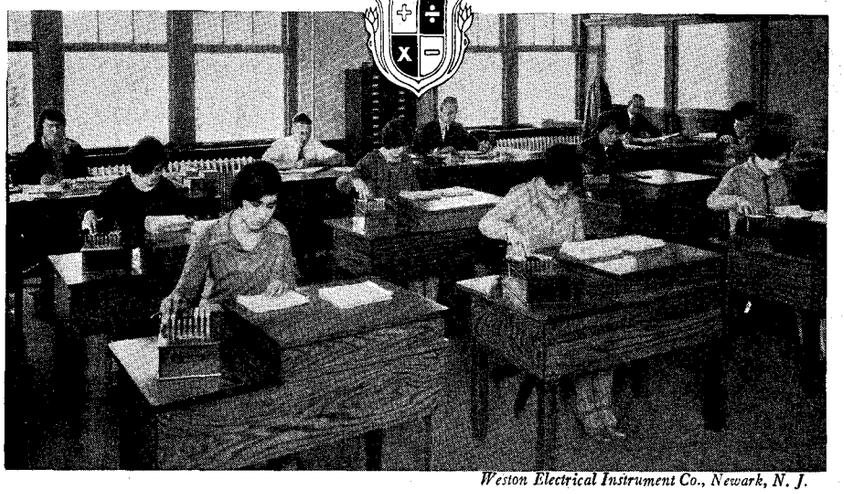

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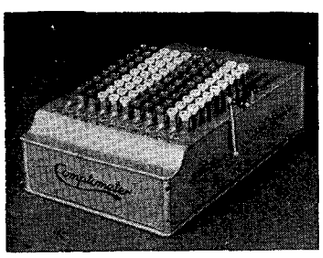

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

particularly choice and he has brought them through the mountains for you."

Waging a private war against the largest State in the Balkans, moving always at the risk of his life, he had nevertheless had time to think, a day or two before, of the American, waiting a couple hundred miles away in Sofia. He had brought a present of fruit along, through the night, guarded by *comitadjis*, over mountain trails where at any moment a shot might ring out, a bomb explode, and another of the numberless mountain skirmishes begin.

No less interesting than the interview with Michailoff were the negotiations leading up to it, of which Mr. Bakeless writes:

Ten days I had waited in Sofia, never daring to leave the city, scarcely daring to leave my room for more than a few hours, lest word might come that at last the coast was clear, and it was possible for the revolutionary leader to receive me.

Three times his secret emissaries—never the same man twice—had slipt quietly into the hotel: agreeable young university men, all three, who would have seemed quite natural and at ease in a good club anywhere in the world. It was hard to believe that they were really representatives of a secret revolutionary organization.

I had reached Bulgaria knowing that my only hope of seeing the revolutionists' supreme chief was to find some one who could take me to one of his secret lairs in the mountains—knowing, too, that the only men who could take me there were living lives of constant danger, ever on the alert for plots against themselves, the organization, or the chief. They would have to be convinced of the good faith of any wandering American who arrived suddenly from Jugo-Slavia, demanding to see Ivan Michailoff.

There was only one man in Bulgaria who could tell me where to find the secret agent representing the revolutionary leader in the capital. To him I went with my credentials. Twenty-four hours later the secret agent had called upon me, and a message reporting my presence was on its way to the Imro's chief, somewhere in the mountains. Incidentally, the secret agent had found time to express courteous disapproval of the particular brand of Macedonian cigarets he had found me smoking! Macedonia could do better than that. Next day, out of nowhere, a mysterious packet of propaganda and a box of one hundred *Makedonkas* appeared upon my little writing table.

At last, the final messenger, a pleasant young man, looking very much as if he spent his days in a Wall Street broker's office, slipt into the room late one evening and, smiling slightly, observed in excellent German: "I think you are going on a little journey."

"Ah," said I, "and how long will the journey last?"

"I think you will be back in Sofia in about two days. But be sure you are on time to-morrow."

"Shall I take a pistol?" I inquired.

The revolutionist looked horrified.

"Quite needless!" he assured me, earnestly. "We are responsible for your safety. No man has ever trusted himself in our hands and not come safely back."

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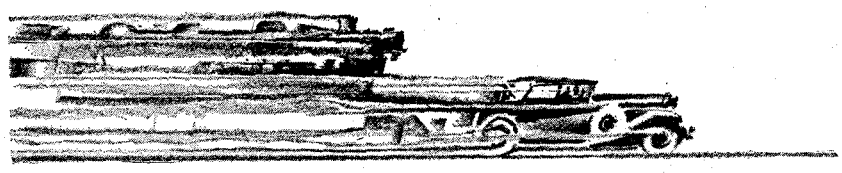

Faster

—than the Twentieth Century to Chicago!

Faster

—from Coast to Coast than the Fastest Train!

Faster

—than the Fastest Train from New York to Miami!

CANNON BALL BAKER—one of the most famous road racers in America — has broken 19 road records with a stock model Franklin car — lubricated with Mobiloil.

This proves, in a dramatic way, what thousands of motorists have already discovered about the New Mobiloil in their own cars, under run of the road conditions.

This proved performance stands behind every quart of Mobiloil. The record of performance behind Mobiloil is greater than that of any other oil in the world.

To make a practical performance record of long engine life and smooth economical running in your own car, drive in where you see the Mobiloil sign. Have the Mobiloil dealer drain and refill your crankcase with the grade of Mobiloil especially recommended for your car.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Makers of high-quality lubricants for all types of machinery

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Cannon Ball Baker's

Road Records using Mobiloil

June 1928 to January 1930

Los Angeles to New York and return
6,692.8 miles. 6 days, 13 hours and 23 minutes. Clipped 10 hours, 36 minutes from record.

Lookout Mountain, Chattanooga
To top of Lookout Mountain and return in 20 minutes and 52 seconds. Beat the previous record by 2 minutes and 39 seconds.

Mount Washington, N. H.
From Toll House to crest of Mount Washington, America's steepest accessible mountain, in 14 minutes and 49 3/5 seconds. Broke record by 2 minutes and 10 2/5 seconds.

Columbus to Marietta, O.
114.5 miles in 2 hours, 5 minutes and 40 seconds, bettering old mark by 12 minutes and 20 seconds.

New York to Chicago
840 miles in 18 hours and 59½ minutes. More than an hour faster than the Twentieth Century Limited.

New York to Miami
1,451 miles in 24 hours and 20 minutes. Beat Miamian Limited by 6 hours and 51 minutes. Average 59.6 m.p.h.

Mount Mitchell, Asheville
17.5 miles from Toll House to Camp Alice in 35 minutes and 35 seconds, clipping 5 minutes and 25 seconds from the record.

St. Louis to Kansas City and return
240 miles from St. Louis to Kansas City in 4 hours and 3 minutes. Back to St. Louis from Kansas City in 3 hours and 59 minutes.

Dallas to El Paso, Tex.
687 miles in 12 hours and 54 minutes, lowering old mark by 1 hour and 44 minutes.

Los Angeles to Phoenix, Arizona, (Desert Derby)
892 miles in 17 hours and 47 minutes. More than 4 hours faster than the train time.

Mount Diablo, California
Double round trip up Mount Diablo. 46.4 miles, covering 1,172 turns, in 1 hour, 34 minutes.

San Francisco to Los Angeles
412 miles in 7 hours and 32 minutes, beating his own record by 1 hour and 25 minutes.

Salt Lake City to Los Angeles
765 miles in 14 hours and 57½ minutes. Broke record by 1 hour and 19½ minutes.

Pike's Peak
Six consecutive round trips up Pike's Peak without a stop. 150.28 miles in 4 hours and 25 minutes.

Continental Divide, Mont.
4.4 miles across main Rockies to the summit of Continental Divide and return in 18 minutes flat, averaging 14.66 miles per hour in second gear.

Butte to Anaconda, Mont.
46.8 miles in 37 minutes and 36 seconds, averaging 74.68 miles per hour, 75.7 miles per hour from Butte to Anaconda.

Great Falls to Butte, Mont.
180 miles in 3 hours and 56½ minutes. Clipped 46½ minutes from old record.

Ogden to Salt Lake City
34.2 miles in 30 minutes and 17 2/5 seconds, averaging 67.8 miles per hour. Clipped 6 minutes and three-fifths of a second from old record.

New York to Los Angeles
3,260 miles in 69 hours and 31 minutes, beating by 8 hours and 29 minutes the best time the journey can be made via the crack Twentieth Century and the Chief. Motor not stopped once.

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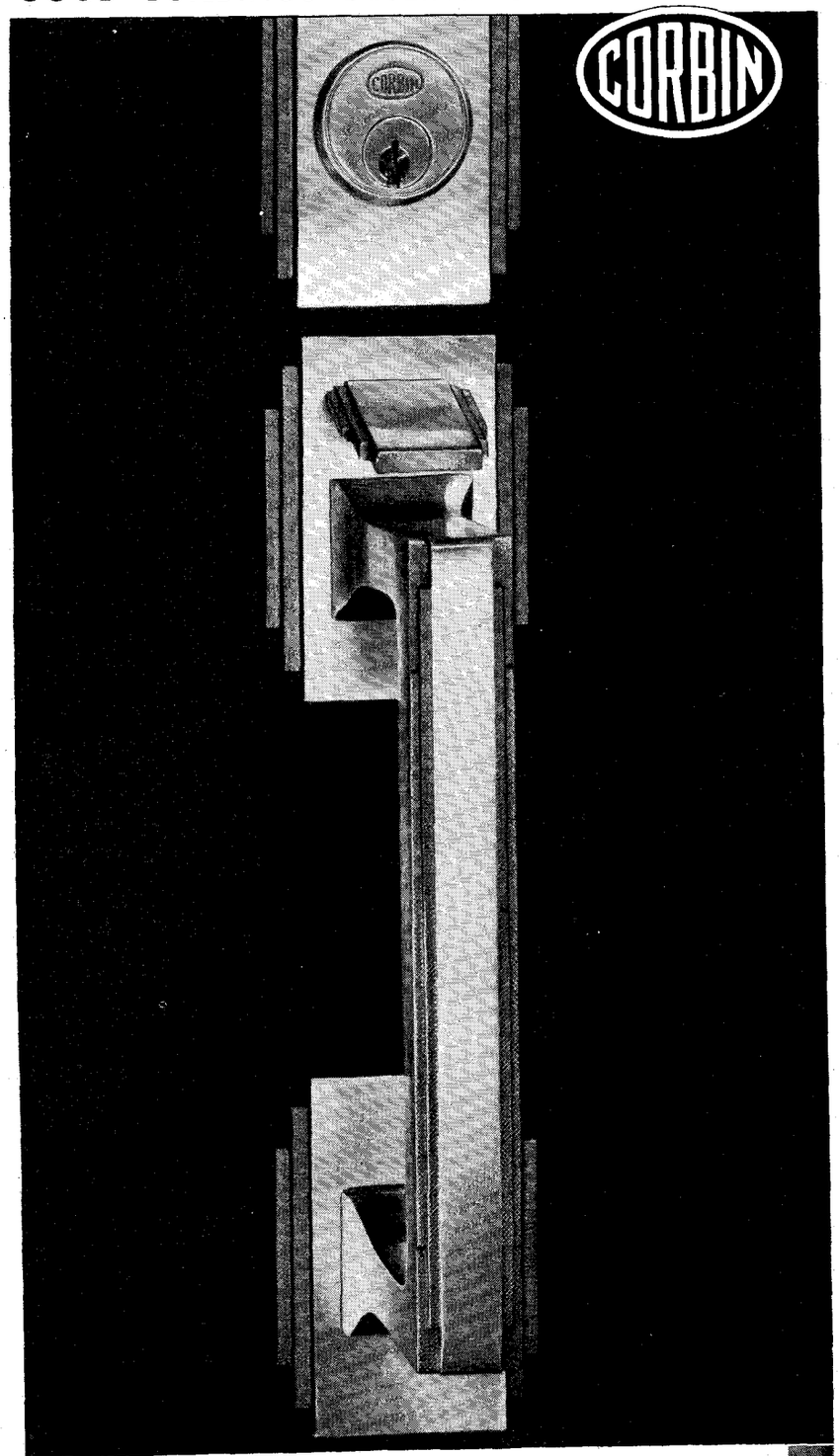
The world's greatest doorkeeper is Corbin . . .

GOOD BUILDINGS DESERVE GOOD HARDWARE



P. & F. CORBIN SINCE 1849 NEW BRITAIN, CONN., U.S.A.
The American Hardware Corporation, Successor
NEW YORK CHICAGO PHILADELPHIA
Makers of the world's most complete line of builders' hardware

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

It was comforting news, for one of the last bits of advice given me by a Macedonian in America had been: ". . . And if any shooting starts—duck! Remember the Imro's enemies always fire at the civilian first."

Morning found me loitering outside the hotel door. At five minutes to the hour, precisely, a pedestrian turned the corner. It was my friend of ten days before.

"Are you ready?"

"Quite."

"Then come."

Behind the hotel, almost under my window, the car was waiting.

Three men leapt out of the car as Mr. Bakeless and his chaperon approached. The writer curiously surveyed these companions in adventure:

The chauffeur, sturdy, reserved, unobtrusive—a typical Bulgar; the gunman, short, stocky, with the checked suit and cap and grim expression of his trade; a spectacled young university man, selected because he could speak German and entertain the Imro's guest.

I can see every foot of that journey still—the herds of sheep and goats, stampeding madly up steep Balkan hillsides at the mere sight of a motor. The team of oxen that turned and fled, dragging the wagon with them across the fields while an irate driver gave frantic chase. The rearing, bucking gipsy horses. The stolid donkeys, each with his two baskets, one slung on either side. The towering mountains around whose flanks the road wound dizzily. The rocky ravines, falling five hundred feet sheer from the roadside, with no railings—only an occasional upright stone by way of safeguard. And all the way, in my ear, the quiet, cultivated voice of the revolutionist who was responsible for me and for my safety—conversing placidly of landscapes and industry, agriculture, world politics, literature.

Suddenly, there was a shout from the roadside. The car rushed on for a safe distance, then jolted to a halt. The guard leapt out, clapping his hand to a hip pocket suggestively; and strode with alacrity back toward the men who had hailed us. There was a colloquy while we waited for shots. Then—"*Bekannte Leute*," said my guide. There was a little conversation, much curious peering at that unknown species, an American, and on we rushed again. Ten miles more, fifteen, twenty, then another halt. A horse and carriage and three men stood waiting—another stolid driver, another alert young gunman, and another guide. They were to replace the group who had brought me. The exact spot where I was to meet the leader must remain a secret—even from his own men, who had taken charge of me in Sofia.

The guard leapt on the seat opposite and the carriage started off, down country roads, along by-paths, over fields where there was scarcely a trace of wheel ruts, until we drew up at last in front of a little farmhouse, almost buried in the luxuriance of its orchard. The guard took the pigskin briefcase which was all my baggage. (I have a suspicion that it was quietly but dexterously searched for lethal weapons.)

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The thrift dentifrice with the *wonderful* after-effect

Buy a good tie or two with what it saves

There are a great many things you can buy with that $3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste at 25c, rather than dentifrices in the 50c class. A tie is merely a suggestion. Handkerchiefs, hosiery, haberdashery are other possibilities.

ARE you willing to make a trifling experiment that will delight you and save you considerable money?

Then switch to Listerine Tooth Paste and give it a thorough trial. Compare it with any paste at any price. You will quickly make these important discoveries:—

—That it whitens teeth remarkably—sometimes within a few days.

—That it removes blemishes and discolorations that ordinary dentifrices fail to affect.

—That, because of its fine texture, it penetrates tiny crevices between the teeth and routs out matter causing decay.

—That it leaves your mouth with that exhilarating after-effect you associate with Listerine itself.

—*That it cuts your tooth paste bill approximately in half.*

There can be no greater testimony of outstanding merit of Listerine Tooth Paste than its rise from obscurity four years ago to a commanding position among the leaders today. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

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"Take this Cablegram"

"SAILING OLYMPIC TONIGHT STOP ARRIVE PARIS FOR MEETING FRIDAY"

EXECUTIVES bound for Europe favor the White Star express service, because it enables them to round out a full week at the office, enjoy a week on the briny, and report punctually for business appointments in London or Paris over the following weekend.

No time need be lost on the run if work is pressing. Seek out a secluded spot on the mammoth liner and dictate away to your heart's content. Keep track of the market by radio, and in touch with your office the same way.

Plenty of social gaiety aboard ship, when you need a bit of relaxation—with the healthful tang of the sea to put new ozone in your lungs and give zest to your jaded appetite.

Sail on the *Olympic*, if that's "your" steamer, or on the great *Majestic*, world's largest ship, or the stately *Homeric*. Many other popular liners to choose from, including the *Belgenland*, famous as a world cruise ship; *Lapland*, *Minnewaska*, *Minnetonka*, *Adriatic*, etc.

30 Principal Offices in the United States and Canada. Main Office, No. 1 Broadway, New York City. Authorized agents everywhere.

WHITE STAR LINE
RED STAR LINE
ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE
International Mercantile Marine Company

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

WHAT IS BABE RUTH WORTH TO THE YANKEES?

CRACK!!

Up and away and away!

The white pellet soared over the right-field fence, some 350 feet from the home plate. Fifteen feet beyond this barrier it came to earth once more.

A home run!

Three thousand fans shouted themselves hoarse with enthusiastic relief.

Untold millions of fans all over America—if not all over the world—shook off an awful load of apprehension.

Babe Ruth was with the Yankees; all was well with the world.

The mighty Maharaja of Maul, after weeks of indecision which had well-nigh wrecked the nerves of fandom, had signed his contract for 1930 and 1931.

And now, on the very day of signing—perhaps by way of celebration, perhaps to show there were no hard feelings—he had lined out his first 1930 homer.

St. Petersburg, Florida, was the scene of both the signing and the socking. An exhibition game with the Boston Braves was the occasion of the latter.

But that contract!

Eighty thousand a year for two years!

There are some breath-taking statistics regarding this gargantuan pay envelop.

It is the highest salary paid to an individual in the history of baseball, as we have been frequently reminded. It is larger than the pay-roll of some whole teams in the past.

It is $5,000 more than the yearly salary of the President of the United States, not including the Chief Executive's annual appropriation for travel and official entertainment.

It is said to be twice the salary paid to Rogers Hornsby, another idol of the diamond.

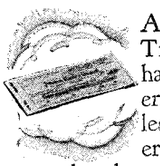
And, according to Joe Vila, writing in the New York *Sun*, it is about six times the salary paid to Chuck Klein, who, in the matter of home runs, is to the National League what Ruth is to the American.

As much as the Babe gets, however, it is not as much as he asked. Because his demands were not met, he became the winter's most spectacular holdout.

Ruth had finished a three-year contract at $70,000 a year. He asked three years more at $85,000 a year. Col. Jacob Ruppert of the Yankees offered him two years at $75,000 a year. But, finally, they compromised. But not before many conferences had been held, and Ruth had threatened to quit baseball and devote his life to the arduous task of cutting coupons, and hundreds of columns had been written on the situation.

And some pessimists there are who hint that Ruth is lucky to be signed, that, at thirty-six, his baseball days are numbered,

Smaller *and* more convenient—*but just as safe*



American Express Travelers Cheques have been made smaller, more compact, and less bulky. No larger than the palm of your hand, enough of this safe and worry-proof "money" for a long journey will fit daintily into a woman's handbag; or slide snugly into a man's inside pocket. The new Travelers Cheques, approximately the size of the new U. S. dollar bill, have the same familiar blue color which is recognized all over the world and the same signature method of identification. The size only has been changed.

Carrying American Express Travelers Cheques automatically entitles you to the Helpful Hand of American Express Service in this country and in foreign lands ...making your journeys more comfortable and smoothing your pathway at principal ports, stations, and frontier points . . . Spendable everywhere, they are issued in denominations of $10, $20, $50, and $100. Cost 75c for each $100. *Now on sale* at 22,000 Banks, American Express and Railway Express offices

the new, dollar size
AMERICAN EXPRESS
Travelers cheques

Steamship tickets, hotel reservations, itineraries, cruises and tours planned and booked to any part of the world by the American Express Travel Department

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Springfield, Missouri

and his future a gamble for whoever is paying his salary.

In other quarters these questions have been raised:

Is Ruth worth all that?

Is it right that a ball-player should be paid more than the President?

He is worth $80,000 a year, in the opinion of Mr. Vila of *The Sun*, and according to many editorial writers. The Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle*, viewing the case as one of the investment, says:

It remains only for the fans to show up at the gate in sufficient numbers during the summer to make the investment worth while. Ruth unquestionably is the biggest single attraction in baseball. His present salary is $15,000 a year more than Commissioner Landis himself receives, and $5,000 more than the President of the United States receives, but neither would draw a nickel at the gate if drest up in a baseball uniform. Considering their relative drawing power, Commissioner Landis and President Hoover may consider themselves well paid indeed.

Except for his one spectacular specialty of knocking the ball a little farther than any one else knocks it, Ruth would never have stood out from the crowd of average good baseball players. There have been many smarter players, many better fielders, many better all-around masters of the game. But none has ever compared with Ruth as a box-office attraction. He is one of the things to be seen in New York, like the Woolworth Building and the Aquarium.

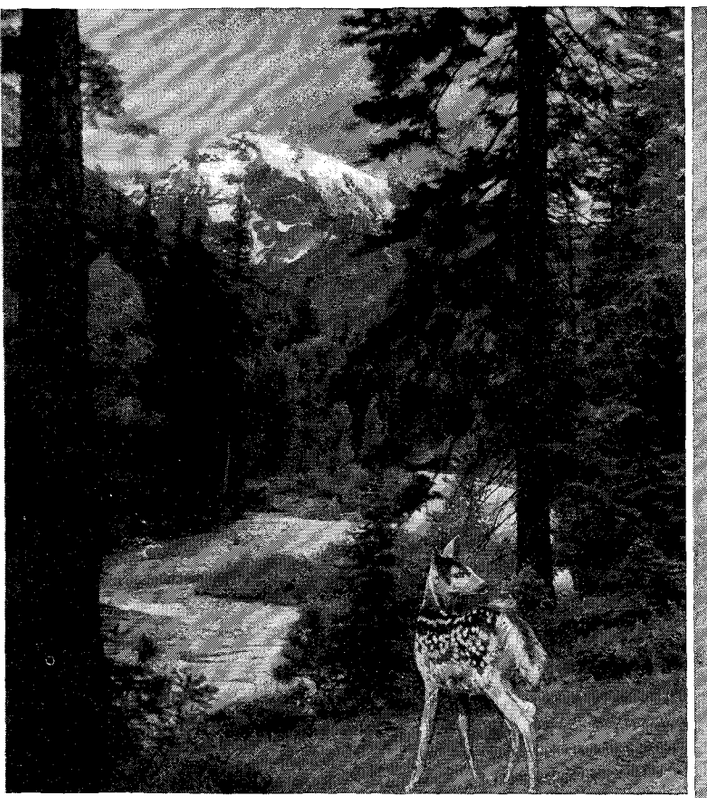
So, as an investment, the $80,000 paid to Ruth may be considered as sound. Colonel Ruppert, owner of the Yankees, will probably get it back the first week of the season. And Ruth himself will probably strike out when facing some unknown rookie pitcher drawing, perhaps, one-twentieth of what he receives.

Baseball, we must not forget, has done a great deal for Babe Ruth. In 1913, the New York *Evening World* reminds us, he was a pupil in St. Mary's Industrial School in Baltimore. In 1914 he played his first season with the Baltimore Orioles. For that season he was paid $600. Not much, but it started him on a career which, when his new contract has expired, will have brought him not far from $750,000 from baseball alone. Glance at this comment and the accompanying table from the New York *Times:*

If his checks for newspaper articles, advertising contracts, and other outside sources could be figured accurately, it would doubtless place the Babe as baseball's only millionaire player. Ty Cobb has long been known as baseball's millionaire, but the Georgia Peach's million was made through investment of his baseball pay checks in wisely selected securities, his actual baseball income totaling far below the Babe's.

Here are the salary statistics on Ruth as *The Times* gives them in tabulated form:

With Baltimore	
1914	$600
With Boston and Providence	
1914	1,300



Romance-Adventure-Beauty

You'll Find Them All in the Land of the National Parks

THIS YEAR, combine all the pleasures of many vacations into one. Come to the land of the National Parks—to Spokane, center of the glorious Intermountain Playground.

Listen to the call of this wonderland—where silvery lakes nestle at the foot of majestic mountains—where tumultuous cascades dash between steep, tumbled walls of jagged stone—where evergreen pine and fir forests border peaceful productive valleys—where you will enjoy life as you never have before.

Through this magic land, midway between the giant Rockies and the picturesque Cascades, countless enchanting motor roads and five transcontinental railroads lead you to Spokane—throbbing with industrial activity—commercial metropolis of the great Inland Empire.

But Spokane is more than a city of wheels and machinery. Delightful landscaping and architectural beauty make it an outstanding city—in the most healthful climate in America.

On your way to or from the National Parks, plan to visit Spokane.

Spokane is the natural distributing point of the vast Inland Empire, a territory annually producing over Four Hundred Million Dollars in new wealth from its Mining, Timber, Agricultural, and Hydro-Electric resources.

SPOKANE

Scenic Center of the AMERICAN WONDERLAND

For NEW SCENIC BOOKLET, Send This Coupon to Chamber of Commerce, Spokane, Wash.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

MLD

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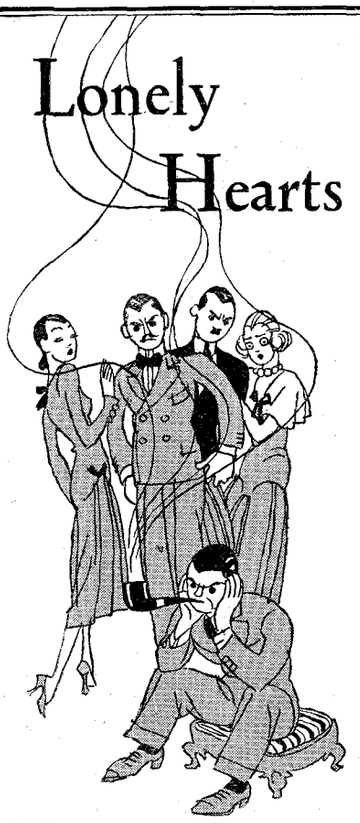
Lonely Hearts



WILBERT has a heart of gold. Will no one tell him what's the matter—why girls turn pale, and gracious matrons freeze at his approach? Yes, *we* will. This has gone far enough. Get a new pipe, Wilbert, and break it in gently, thoughtfully, with Sir Walter Raleigh's favorite smoking mixture. When the curling wisps of its fragrance surround you, everything will be changed, Wilbert.

How to Take Care of Your Pipe

(*Hint No. 3*) To make your pipe sweet from top to heel, smoke *all* the pipe load when you break it in, or fill the bowl half full the first few times so that the heel, and not merely the top, will be broken in. Send for our free booklet, "How to Take Care of Your Pipe." Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. 29.

B&W PRODUCT

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Smoking Tobacco

It's *milder*

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

With Boston

1915.....	$3,500	1918.....	$5,000
1916.....	3,500	1919.....	10,000
1917.....	5,000		

With New York

1920.....	$20,000	1926.....	$52,000
1921.....	20,000	1927.....	70,000
1922.....	52,000	1928.....	70,000
1923.....	52,000	1929.....	70,000
1924.....	52,000	1930.....	80,000
1925.....	52,000	1931.....	80,000

Total salaries.....$698,900

This does not include world series shares, which brings the Babe's total to $739,397.

Time was when Ruth was the most free-handed of men where money was concerned. But that is all changed. The Babe is saving his money now, due to the insistence of friends, not to mention the practical-minded Mrs. Ruth, who appears to be a good "manager" for the diamond star. Even tho his yearly income tax for the next two years will be $10,246, as the Associated Press figures it, he plans to save $50,000 a year out of his salary and entrench himself even more firmly on Easy Street. As Will Wedge tells us in *The Sun:*

Ruth is believed secretly elated over his new salary, and he should be.

But, as yet, he has done nothing to celebrate his joy.

He has thrown no party for his mates, but he may do so, if his wife permits. In a year of hard times and demonstrations of the unemployed, his unemployment demonstration was the only one that worked, and brought work in its wake, and high reward. But he will not donate any of his salary raise to the battle funds of the other unemployed. He intends to save; rather, his wife insists upon it.

Ruth had the yen to buy a new automobile, a special $7,000 job, like one he admired, possest by a millionaire friend of his down here.

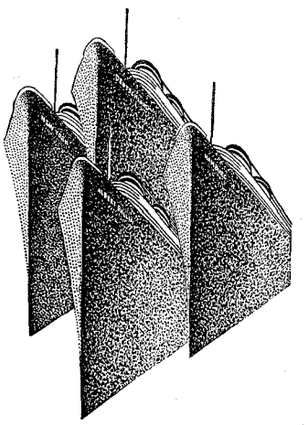
But Mrs. Ruth put her foot down on that idea.

The Ruths will worry along with the small runabout that the Babe purchased down here last spring, and the big car they have up in New York. There will be no injudicious expenditures. Mrs. Ruth has said that their one extravagance will be her accompanying the Babe on all trips this year.

"If I don't save over $100,000 out of the $160,000 that I will earn the next two years, I want some one to shove me into Tampa Bay," says the Babe.

Now, what has Ruth done to deserve this tremendous financial return? It seems to be conceded by most critics of the game that he is by no means the greatest player, despite his uncanny ability for knocking homers. But these same critics concede that he is the greatest box-office attraction in the national game. While the salary dispute was still in progress, a biography of Ruth, "The Great Gate God," by Daniel, was published in the New York *Telegram*. This is what the writer said of Ruth's contribution to the game:

A *New*
EXPRESS SERVICE *to*
FRANCE · ENGLAND · GERMANY



Every Wednesday midnight, a great liner will sail from New York for Europe . . . just seven days away.

Moderate rates . . . vibrationless speed . . . remarkable steadiness due to special anti-rolling equipment, are features of this new service to Cherbourg, Southampton, Hamburg, of the

de luxe steamers

HAMBURG
NEW YORK
DEUTSCHLAND
ALBERT BALLIN

The "Famous Four" of the Atlantic

PASSENGER accommodations have been remodelled to provide many new features of comfort and luxury . . . new and more powerful engines installed to increase the speed.

Also a distinguished "Cabin" Service from New York to Ireland, France and Germany by the new motorships ST. LOUIS, MILWAUKEE and the steamer CLEVELAND.

HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE

39 Broadway New York

Branches in Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Philadelphia, St. Louis, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Montreal, Toronto, Regina, Edmonton, or local steamship agents.

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What the New York club really thinks of Babe Ruth, in so far as his box-office value is concerned, is indicated by the fact that it has carried a life-insurance policy on him for $300,000 for nearly a decade.

Irrespective of whether Ruth should get $65,000 or $75,000 or $85,000 in the next two years, the fact stands undeniable that he still is a power at the gate, still the greatest drawing card in baseball and, for that matter, in all sport. It has been pointed out that Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney have fought before more than 100,000 persons, some of whom paid as much as $50 to be at the ringside.

However, how many persons would come out to see the Dempsey of his boxing crest if he were to engage in 154 fights a summer?

When George Herman Ruth was purchased by the Yankees from the Red Sox in 1920 for $100,000, the high mark for baseball attendance was 42,620, set at Braves Field in Boston on October 12, 1916. And it took the climactic contest of a world series to put it over, too. The record came in the fifth game of the battle between the Red Sox and the Dodgers.

When Ruth joined the Yankees a major-league club thought it was hitting Olympian heights if it drew a total of a million admissions for the year.

In 1927, the year the Babe established his home-run record of sixty, the Yankees played to a total of 2,220,000 paid admissions, with new league marks both at home and abroad. Close to 1,200,000 fans visited the Stadium.

In 1928, on September 9, to be exact, at a double-header which came at the turning-point of the pennant fight between the New Yorks and the Athletics, 82,000 fans were jammed into the big arena in the Bronx. They paid close to $70,000 at the box-office. This set a new record for attendance and receipts in league-championship competition.

In the second game of the 1926 world series between the Yankees and the Cardinals, Ruth helped to set classic records: 63,000 paid admissions and a gate of $328,-051.

All these things have happened since Ruth developed himself into the most colorful and most-talked-about figure in the history of sport. Of course, the Babe hasn't done it all alone. Colonel Ruppert's lavish policy has afforded the Babe a stellar supporting cast which has accounted for six pennants and three world titles, and twice has achieved the feat of winning a classic in four straight games.

We must not take one iota off from Gehrig and Lazzeri and Pennock and Hoyt and the rest of the fine company which fought through the years of Miller Huggins's triumphs. But we mustn't forget the trenchant faculties of our blushing hero, the Bam himself.

Just how much Ruth has meant to base ball as a whole never will be computed. But it seems safe to hazard the guess that, if the Babe hadn't come along, the Cubs never would have had two straight seasons of more than 1,000,000 paid admissions at their park in Chicago—a trick recorded in 1918 and 1929. The home run has worked wonders, and Ruth worked the wonder of the home run.

A very interesting and reliable "index to the Ruth influence on baseball in New York may be obtained from the financial rise of the Yankees in the last ten years," Daniel says, continuing:

At the close of the 1919 season Colonel Ruppert and Colonel Til Huston, then a

Yellowstone Park

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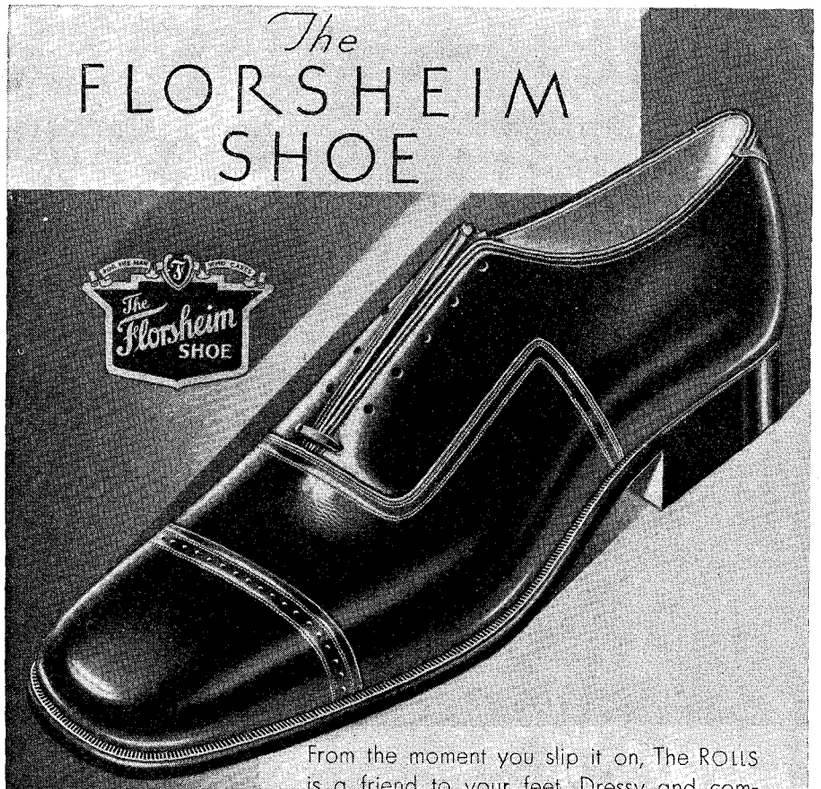

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

half-owner, were about $1,000,000 in the red.

Huston frankly was discouraged. The two colonels had bought the club from Frank Farrell and Bill Devery for about $400,000, and had not realized what they were undertaking. They got a poor club without a home. They were new to the game, and how they were "taken"! In 1918 it was reported that Huston's stock had been offered to Colonel Ruppert for $100,000—and that Jake had talked Huston into reconsidering his move. When Huston finally sold out in 1922 he got more than $1,000,000.

As soon as Ruth landed here things began to change. The Yankees began to draw. His home runs packed the Polo Grounds. They jammed foreign fields. He rode into the game during its post-war rally, and was a most powerful factor in establishing attendance records far beyond the wildest imaginings of the most sanguine club-owners.

Soon Colonel Ruppert realized that the Yankees and Ruth needed their own home, and in 1923 the Stadium was dedicated—the House That Babe Built. Ruth kept packing them in, and Ruppert built an addition. Now he has plans for still another extension of the grand stand and the construction of a big concrete bleacher in center field. The Great God of the Gate certainly has done his share—and then some.

WHERE ARE THE IRISH FIGHTERS?

JUST look at the announcer.

He is perspiring, and his brow is wrinkled as he wrestles with the jaw-breakers.

Sometimes he gets the names right, and sometimes he doesn't.

It was not always thus, Vincent Treanor tells us in his New York *Evening World* sports column. In the old days it was easy for the prize-fight announcer to tell the assembled fans "that Kelly was in this corner and O'Reilly in that, and reel off such right sounding names as 'Kid' McPartland, 'Elbows' McFadden, 'New York' Jack O'Brien, Patsy Haley, Terry McGovern, Georgie Monroe, Dave and Spike Sullivan, Harry and Clarence Forbes, 'Wilmington' Jack Daly, Jimmy Barry, 'Haverstraw' Billy Vernon, Willie Lewis, Tom Kennedy, Luther McCarty, 'Gunboat' Smith, Jim Coffey, Eddie Curry, and names like that."

Seldom was he called upon to twist his tongue around "such nomenclatures as Tony Caragliano, Nick Quaragia, Paolino Uzcudun, Tony Vaccarelli, Salvatore Ruggallio, Hilario Martinez, Luis Vicentini, Lope Tenario, Vidal Greggorio, Turo Sheckles, Umberto Toriano, Mike Sankovitch, Emanuel Quintero, Ignatio Fernandez, Bonigiglio, Rufina Alvarez, and Emilio Viterfucci (Italian Jack Herman), and such."

Mr. Treanor has been surveying the pugilistic map, and has come to the

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conclusion that the Irish, who used to reign almost supreme in what W. O. McGeehan calls the "cauliflower industry," are slipping from their high place. In support of this view Mr. Treanor says:

The Sullivans, the Heenans, the Mike Clearys, the Corbetts, the Peter Mahers, the Tom Sharkeys, Bob Fitzsimmonses, Jack Monroes, and the later-day Frank Morans, Jim Coffeys, and the like, have left few successors. And it is a very serious situation. Nowadays it is a novelty to find any big Irish fellows on the programs at the Garden, or any other fight center through the country. Instead we find a conglomeration of all races, with the Jewish boys and the Italians in the majority, and here and there an Argentine, a German, a Norwegian, a Swede, a Frenchman, or a Spaniard.

It seems that the Irish were doing the fighting when there was no money in it, and now, when the purses are large and nutritious, the sons of Erin and their produce are either in politics or following some other line of endeavor. They have even lost out in the contracting business.

Twenty years ago no one would dream of such a condition. If the fighters then weren't actually Irish they assumed Irish names, and the Irish followers of the sport never knew the difference. You would be surprized to know that for a long while the Irish claimed Benny Leonard, for instance, as their own.

Note the difference in the nationalities of the performers in the class where the Irish always shone. Take away Tommy Loughran, Jim Maloney of Boston, Gerald Ambrose Griffiths, Marty Gallagher, Les Kennedy of the West Coast, Babe Hunt, Tom Heeney, and the Bartley Madden, who is still going, and what have you?

Here the writer offers a partial list of who's who at the present time on the pugilistic map:

Jack Sharkey, Lithuanian; Otto Von Porat, Norwegian; Max Schmeling, German; Primo Carnera, Italian; Victorio Campolo, Argentine-Italian; Arthur De Kuh, Austrian; Knute Hansen, Danish; George Godfrey, Negro; Al Fay, French-American; Phillip Scott, English; Frankie Campbell of Los Angeles, Italian; Johnny Grosso, Italian; Charley Smith, English; Paul Cavalier, Italian; Joe Sekyra, Bohemian; Frankie Simms, Polish; Jack Dorval, French; Pierre Charles, Belgian; Paolino Uzcudun, Spaniard; Bianchi, Argentine; Puzarro, Cuban; Mark Simon, Jewish; Al Friedman, Jewish; Ernie Sharff, German; Neil Clisby, Negro; Bill Hartwell, Negro, and a ream of others.

The reasons for the Irish defection may be many. Perhaps they became sensible, but there doesn't seem to be much radically wrong with those who have taken up the game during the last decade, and shoved them almost completely out of the fight picture. And most of them are getting rich at the game that the Irish allowed to slip out of their control. Some one has suggested that the young Irishmen are not leaving the "Ould Sod" in such numbers these days, and, come to think of it, few of the rosy-cheeked "greenhorns" are seen around nowadays. There was a time when each week saw some new arrivals, big, powerful fellows, ready and willing to tackle anything at which they could make an honest dollar, but we are afraid that immigration restriction or some such barrier has cut off the supply.

KEEPING FIT

MAN is adaptable. Given fresh air, sunlight and pure water he can live at the poles or equator—on a diet of straight vegetables or on nothing but meat. But man has not yet adapted himself wholly to the stress of modern civilization, to absence of sunshine, to a refined diet deficient in essential mineral salts. Modern man does not exercise enough to keep the internal organs massaged and active. He does not perspire enough. He does not drink enough liquid at any time. Such as he does drink is liable to be deficient in those minerals essential to a balanced metabolism—important in combating the acid waste products of digestion—inducing the elimination of waste products through natural channels.

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

THE CHEAP-MONEY PULMOTOR FOR BUSINESS

DOWN GOES THE NEW YORK RESERVE BANK'S rate to 3½ per cent.—the low level of recent years—and the cheap-credit cure for business depression is being administered, as editorial commentators and head-line writers agree.

It seems to *The Annalist* that the business community for the most part welcomes this move. In fact, the majority view in Wall Street, according to Laurence Stern of the New York *World*, is that "the long-range influence of the reduction must be beneficial both to business and the security markets."

However, some writers—who will be quoted later on—incline to the opinion that this cheap money may do more harm in encouraging speculation than it will do good in speeding up business.

This reduction, we are reminded in the financial columns of the New York newspapers, is the fourth since the break in the stock market crash last fall, when the rate stood at 6 per cent. It is pointed out in the New York *Herald Tribune* that:

> Wholesale downward revisions in central bank rates all over the world have occurred since the latter part of October, when the stock market began crashing in Wall Street.
>
> The downsweep in rates of the twelve regional Reserve banks in the United States has proceeded rapidly. In early October all of the Federal Reserve Banks were on a 5-per-cent. basis, with the exception of the New York bank, whose rate was 6 per cent. Now all of the twelve banks are on a 4½ per cent. or lower basis. The banks at Boston, Chicago, and Kansas City are maintaining 4-per-cent rates, while the other seven banks are on a 4½ per cent. basis. It is expected that the move toward lower rates, started anew by the local bank, will be followed shortly in other districts.

The Federal Reserve authorities, we read on, expect the cheap credit to induce business men to borrow more:

> This will gradually set in motion new industrial projects, cause other lines to enlarge their activities, and reduce unemployment. It will tend to increase consumption of the staple commodities, which has, on the average, declined to the lowest levels in several years, thereby creating conditions which have caused alarm to leading bankers and industrialists all over the world.

This 3½-per-cent. rate is the lowest since February 3, 1928, when the figure was raised from 3½ to 4 per cent., the beginning of a series of increases intended to discourage speculation. In banking circles this latest reduction is ascribed to two chief factors, we read in the news columns of the New York *Journal of Commerce:*

> In the first place, the Reserve authorities are known to be particularly averse to a major inflow of gold into this country at this juncture, and lower rates here are regarded as necessary to prevent it.
>
> Secondly, the continued depression in business has created wide-spread uneasiness, and it is felt that the provision of plentiful supplies of credit at low rates would be the most powerful remedy.
>
> Spokesmen for the Administration have latterly clearly exprest this view of the situation, and it is widely supposed here that they clearly indicated their wishes to the Reserve authorities.

The reduction from the 4-per-cent. rate established last February was inescapable, in the opinion of the Boston *News Bureau*, since "money had continued to soften," with call-money and acceptances quoted at fractions above 3 per cent., and time-money at around 4 to 4½ per cent. The present ease in money seems to *The Wall Street Journal* to be the result of certain main factors:

> Primarily, it is due to the liquidation of credit, starting with the reduction in security loans, and extending into other lines. Loans, deposits, and the use of currency have been reduced. Federal Reserve note circulation is down $300,000,000 since January 1, almost twice the usual seasonal reduction. All this means released reserves.
>
> To these factors must be added the inflow of gold.
>
> Since January 1 we have received some $90,000,000 net in gold. Gold and cash reserves of the Federal Reserve banks have increased $200,000,000, and are now higher than at any time last year.

So this financial daily feels convinced that the low rate has been brought about by other agencies besides the deprest condition of business, and it goes on to speak of the present efforts of the Federal Reserve system:

> Just as the system exerted a steady pressure to bring about the deflation of the extended stock-market situation last year, so it has been concentrating its efforts in recent months, to stimulate business by creating an easy-money market; and its efforts in this direction have been more pronounced, because, obviously, less opposed.
>
> It is one of the proper functions of a central bank to operate counter to public psychology. It acts as a governor on business, preventing excesses during times of exuberance, and, on the other hand, encouraging a revival, by hypodermics of easy money when business is suffering a sinking spell. The potency of the present factor at work should in itself be an assurance of early improvement.

If stimulation of the stock market is kept within bounds, the lower discount rate "may be temporarily comforting for its effect on business sentiment," but, insists the less optimistic editor of *The Annalist*, "that it should be in any real sense remedial of present disturbed and abnormal conditions need not be expected."

The low bank-rate campaign seems to the New York *Journal of Commerce* to be accomplishing very little. Certainly, it declares, "the low rates have not caused an increase in the volume of business." Just as certainly, we are told, "the low rates have not tended to stabilize prices." In short, "whatever effect the low bank rates may have had, it has not been sufficient to offset the depressing tendencies that were at work in the various branches of production." The only real effect that *The Journal of Commerce* can find has been "the increase in the turnover of the stock market"

> Because money has cost but little it has been possible for professional traders to take on new commitments and do business back and forth, one hand washing the other, without expense to themselves.
>
> They have gathered in as dividends and interest slightly more than they have had to pay out as expenses for borrowed money.
>
> Pools have consequently resumed their activity, and it has been possible to advance prices somewhat as a result.
>
> To-day the general level of values in the stock market is fully as high as business warrants, a fact conceded by all. Fresh rate cuts, therefore, will merely have the effect of raising the activity of pool and other artificial traders, and possibly of advancing the level of prices in consequence.
>
> That is about all.
>
> Our Reserve banking system, and the leaders of the Administration, ought to know by this time that it is not possible to maintain a stock market simply on the basis of cheap money.
>
> There must be some underlying foundation of sound or improving business—some reason for thinking that the companies whose securities are traded in, really have a hopeful and encouraging outlook to which they can look forward with confidence.
>
> In the absence of such an outlook, the maintenance of a level of prices will be difficult, and there will be an inevitable tendency for the community to unload its holdings when an absence of business improvement indicates the wisdom of such a course.

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OUR NEW BIGGEST BANK

THE biggest bank merger of all time was announced a few days ago.

And this huge merger seems remarkable to the financial writers because of the way it smashes all kinds of records and traditions.

For one thing, the Chase National Bank of New York, by taking to itself the Equitable Trust Company and the Interstate Trust Company, gives New York the biggest bank in the world by every standard of measurement.

It means that the National City Bank of New York is now displaced from the leadership of the banks of the United States, which it has held since 1897.

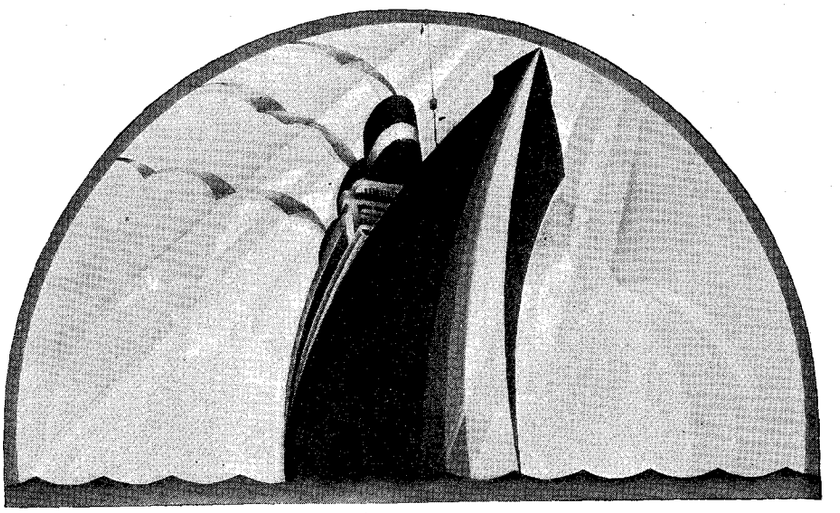
It means, too, that the merger fever has once more taken hold of our banks, and that the race for banking supremacy is on again, for "the National City Bank has not subsided," remarks *The Evening Sun* in Baltimore, while *The Business Week* (New York) suggests that "the Guaranty Trust, Irving Trust, and others have risen to prominence through a hard struggle, and probably will not be dwarfed."

The new institution, which will keep the name of the Chase National Bank, will come pretty close to having total resources of $3,000,000,000, overtopping the next largest bank by some $600,000,000. The Directors of the three institutions have acted, the Federal Controller of the Currency has indicated his approval, and the ratification by the stockholders is a mere formality scheduled for next month.

The combined bank, to select a few facts appearing in the New York newspapers, will have fifty-two offices in New York and Brooklyn, making the largest national chain in the city. There will also be seven foreign offices.

At the head of the new bank will be Albert H. Wiggin, now Chairman of the Board of the Chase Bank. He will be Chairman of a newly created Governing Board. The President of the new bank will be the former President of the Equitable Trust Company, Winthrop W. Aldrich, brother-in-law of John D. Rockefeller, Jr. Charles S. McCain will be Chairman of the Board of Directors, and John McHugh will be Chairmain of the Executive Committee.

The consolidation plan calls for an increase in the capital stock of the Chase National, for which shares of the Equitable Trust and Interstate Trust will be exchanged. The new bank's capital will be $148,000,000, the surplus $148,000,000, and undivided profits and reserves about $72,000,000. This will give the bank total capital funds of about $368,000,000. The bank statements at the end of 1929 show the combined resources of the three uniting banks to be $2,814,535,635, and the combined deposits to be $2,073,644,656. The contribution of each of the three banks to these totals is set down in thousands as follows:



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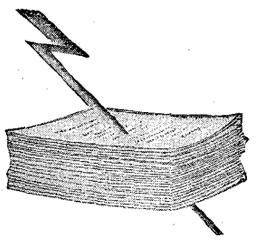

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

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Resources	$1,714,829	$1,013,970	$85,735
Deposits	1,248,218	765,344	60,081
Capital	105,000	50,000	7,188
Sur & undiv. profits	136,364	63,611	3,360

A comparison of the twelve largest banks in the world as of December 31, last, and including the Equitable and Interstate as part of the Chase Bank, appears in the New York *Times*. The figures are given in thousands:

Bank and Location	*Resources*	*Deposits*
Chase National Bank, N. Y.	$2,814,535	$2,073,644
National City Bank, N. Y.	2,206,241	1,649,554
Midland Bank, London	2,169,212	1,833,038
Lloyds Bank, London	2,098,134	1,711,104
Guaranty Trust, N. Y.	2,017,119	1,309,290
Barclays Bank, London	1,876,035	1,641,978
Westminster Bank, London	1,618,395	1,387,590
Nat. Provincial Bank, London	1,492,376	1,321,318
Deutsche-Disc'nto, Berlin	1,326,697	1,142,566
Continental Illinois, Chicago	1,176,603	878,793
Bank of Italy, San Francisco	1,055,113	893,893
Royal Bank of Canada, Montreal	1,001,443	772,088

The Chase National Bank, which was founded in 1877, began its period of expansion in 1921, notes the New York *Herald Tribune:*

In that year it acquired the Metropolitan Bank. It took over the Mechanics and Metals National Bank in 1926, the Mutual Bank in 1927, and both the Garfield National and the National Park last year. Equitable's most important deal in recent years was the absorption last year of the Seaboard Bank and Trust Company.

So ends "the reign of comparative peace in the banking field so far as America's largest banks are concerned," remarks *The Business Week*—

The stock-market crash last fall sharply ended the merger movement temporarily. But they're off again.

The Chase-Equitable-Interstate merger "is the latest and most striking development in a long series of combinations which in the last few years have for the first time created American banks matching the resources of the great English institutions," writes Laurence Stern in the New York *World*. He continues:

No sooner had announcement been made than Wall Street's interest turned to conjecture regarding the next moves that can be expected in what is frankly regarded by the financial district as a race for banking supremacy.

Wall Street interest centers largely in the future course of the National City Bank, which, under the leadership of Charles E. Mitchell, has heretofore followed a policy of aggressive expansion. Its project of taking over the Corn Exchange Bank failed last fall when the stock panic upset the proposed terms of share exchange.

It is not known whether these negotiations have been resumed, but the precedent of bank merger after bank merger in recent years convinces Wall Street that so far as the larger institutions are concerned, the race may just be getting warm.

Another view, as reported by the New York *Journal of Commerce*, is that this latest consolidation, with the younger John

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D. Rockefeller's brother-in-law in the President's office of the Chase Bank, "represents the entry of the Rockefeller interests into a dominant position in the affairs of the Chase National Bank which they have simultaneously expanded to make the world's largest banking institution."

Certain broad general questions are raised in the editorial columns of *The Journal of Commerce* by the spectacular continuance of the consolidation move:

Perhaps the first of these from the public standpoint is the question how far the type of our banking structure is likely to be altered through the continuous creation of larger and larger banks. Unmistakably this tendency works toward what is called the branch-bank system.

Some are of the opinion that the growth of great banks will tend unduly to centralize the financing of industry. The answer to such a fear is that it is the centralization of industrial financing that tends to produce the large banks.

Consolidation of banks, concentration of financing in larger cities, and reduction of the country bank to a relatively unimportant status are the outgrowth of these tendencies. It is regrettable that such should be the case, but there can be no doubt that the tendencies move in the direction already noted.

"ANGEL," INC.

ALMOST every other kind of business has been incorporated, and now the theatrical "angel" has his turn. The New Haven *Register* hears that a New York brokerage house is sponsoring something like an investment trust, "the funds of which are to be put into untried stage shows while the shareholders divide the profits or suffer their respective proportions for the losses incurred." This editor isn't the least bit surprized over such a development, since the stage has been having such a hard time to find men willing to risk their money on dramatic or musical shows, while "the competition of the talking pictures has been a sort of bogeyman." Of course, we read, it is to meet this condition that the new corporation has been created—

Technical experts will examine manuscripts, figure out estimated costs and determine whether the proffered enterprise should be undertaken or not. If accepted, each play will be independently incorporated as a subsidiary enterprise, its shares being owned by the financing company to the extent usual in such arrangements.

That the idea is novel no one will gainsay. Yet if the business is conservatively managed and appropriately manned, it should be able to do as well or possibly better than the average "angel" has done, for it will have none of the amateur weaknesses that so often arise in those cases, only to end in disaster.

If play producing constitutes a "business" and not a "disease," as Oscar Hammerstein called it, then it may be possible to finance it intelligently. The plan offered by this enterprise may be the long-needed missing link that will make the entire chain from the writer of manuscripts to the ticket seller at the box-office a great deal stronger.

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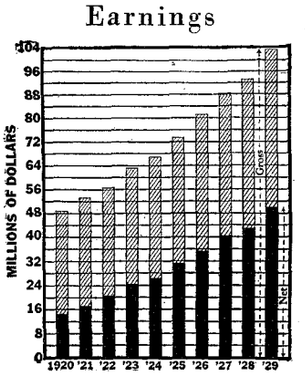
The Largest Earnings in ASSOCIATED SYSTEM History

Gross and Net Earnings



Write for our new illustrated booklet D 9 on the Class A Stock.

SURELY and steadily Associated Gas and Electric System gross and net earnings grow—a result of the usefulness and value of the service rendered.

Significant of Associated System stability were the earnings for the month of December, 1929. While other industries reported declines, the Associated System continued its forward movement with earnings 7% greater than for the same month of 1928.

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

OUR FIRST $4,000,000,000 CORPORATION

A NEW wonder of the business world, our first four-billion-dollar corporation, makes its début via the annual report of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company.

Showing a record growth for 1929, "the A. T. and T. swelled its own assets more than $260,000,000, while the associated Bell companies added about $400,000,000 to its business, bringing its total value to $4,000,000,000, thus making it undoubtedly the largest privately owned corporation in the world," says the New York *World*.

The company, "which operates the Bell system and thereby, directly or indirectly, controls most of the telephones in the United States," added about 900,000 telephones—the largest number in any year—in 1929. "Other significant features in the annual compilation revealed there were 15,400,000 Bell-owned telephones, and 454,000 employees, who drew either in pensions or benefits some $7,553,000 last year," *The World* also points out. For additional facts about this business giant we borrow from *The Wall Street Journal:*

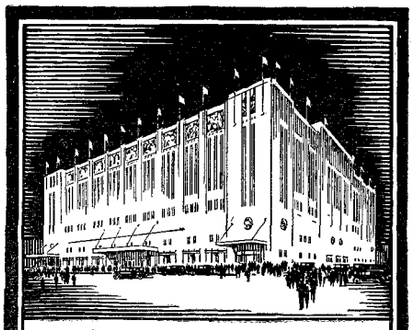
The company had 469,596 registered shareholders on its books at the end of 1929, an increase of 15,205 during the year. The average number of shares per stockholder now is twenty-eight. No single stockholder owns as much as 1 per cent. of the total shares, and 176,925 stockholders hold five shares or less each; 268,512 hold ten shares or less, and 446,049 hold less than 100 shares each. Women stockholders outnumber men by approximately 84,000. Nearly 20 per cent. of the stockholders are employees of the Bell System.

The company and its predecessor have paid dividends regularly at the rate of at least $7.50 a share during each of the past forty-eight years. For approximately fifteen years ended with 1921, the rate was uniformly $8 a share, and since then it has been $9 a share.

"The watchword of American big business, 'service,' may in no little way be responsible for the building up of the first $4,000,000,000 corporation," says the Columbus *Ohio State Journal*, whose editorial is typical of press comment:

At the bottom of this immense financial success no doubt lie several reasons, but the most important of these must be the fact that the company has dealt skilfully in a human convenience.

People will pay for conveniences. That is as obvious as the maxim that the shortest distance between two points is a straight line. Human wants never grow less. Instead, with the advance of knowledge, they increase. The $4,000,000,000 corporation, while it admittedly was begun as a means to earn money for its backers, must recognize that its success is due to the fact that people wanted what it had for sale. Of course, its unusual success must depend greatly upon the ability of the company to offer excellent service at cheap rates.



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claims the world's finest palace of sport — Chicago Stadium. This vast indoor amphitheater cost $7,000,000, and gives 25,000 people an unobstructed view of circus, rodeo, ice skating, bicycle racing, boxing and track events. *Edison Service* provides unfailing light and power for all provisions for comfort and enjoyment.

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CURRENT ▾ EVENTS

FOREIGN

March 12.—Aristide Briand, French Foreign Minister, announces at the London Naval Conference that France abandons hope of obtaining any political security pact, and that she must now maintain her present naval figures.

The German Reichstag adopts the Young reparations plan and the various Hague agreements by a majority of 78.

March 13.—The British Labor Government triumphs, 308 to 235, over the vote of censure moved by former Prime Minister Baldwin.

The Mayor of Calcutta, India, is arrested on a charge of sedition, and a number of police inspectors are injured in clashes at Bombay as Mahatma Gandhi and his volunteers continue their march to Jalalpur to produce salt in defiance of the British Government monopoly.

President von Hindenburg signs the Young reparations plan, and proclaims it as German law.

March 14.—Premier Mackenzie King proposes in the Canadian House of Commons an amendment to the export law to prohibit clearance of liquor to any country in which the sale of liquor is prohibited, saying, "the matter is one of grave concern."

A tunnel connecting England and France is recommended by the Board appointed by the British Government to investigate its feasibility.

March 15.—The Central Committee of the Communist party, the supreme authority of the Soviet Union, issues an order prohibiting coercive measures for the collectivization of farms and the closing of churches.

March 16.—General Primo de Rivera, who recently resigned as dictator of Spain, dies suddenly in Paris. He was sixty.

March 17.—Eighteen thousand signatures have been obtained for closing Podolsk Cathedral, near Moscow, says a dispatch from that city.

The British House of Commons approves the naval budget carrying an appropriation $20,052,000 less than that of last year, and necessitating suspension of the 1929 submarine-building program.

March 19.—Chinese bandits are reported to have massacred 2,000 people in Fuan, Kiangsi Province.

DOMESTIC

March 12.—The Special Committee on the Eighteenth Amendment of the New York County Lawyers' Association decides, 6 to 1, that the Prohibition amendment was ratified in violation of the Tenth Amendment of the Constitution.

Testimony that Prohibition has improved the health of the nation, decreased crime and drunkenness generally, increased the national wealth by billions, and weaned the nation from wine and beer to an increased consumption of milk by 600,000,000 gallons a year, is given to the House Judiciary Committee by a number of women directed by Mrs. Henry W. Peabody, and including Mrs. Henry Ford, Mrs. Thomas A. Edison, Mrs. Vic Donahey of Ohio, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt of New York, Mary E. Woolley, President of Mount Holyoke College, and others.

The Senate passes the first deficiency appropriation bill carrying $100,000,000 for the Farm Board.

March 13.—Amos Alonzo Stagg, football coach of Chicago University, says that Prohibition has brought a tremendous gain in social and economic conditions among the poorer classes, that drinking among youth has greatly decreased, and that in his opinion the great mass of people in the United States are in favor of Prohibition, and will insist on having their children grow up under it.

The Harvard College Observatory announces the discovery of a hitherto unknown planet, the ninth of the known solar system, by astronomers of the Lowell Observatory, Flagstaff, Arizona.

The New York Federal Reserve Bank lowers its rediscount rate from 4 to 3½ per cent.

March 14.—The Rev. John Callahan, superintendent of a Bowery mission, and commonly known as "the Bishop of the Bowery,' testifies before the House Judiciary Committee that a mighty change for the better has taken place on the Bowery since Prohibition, and Raymond Robbins, Chicago social worker, says, "Congress and the country are dry in sentiment and getting drier in fact."

March 15.—A subcommittee of the Senate Post-office Committee, headed by Senator Brookhart, reports that thousands of dollars are levied on office-holders or collected for influencing appointments in Georgia, Mississippi, South Carolina, and Texas, and recommends that the Department of Justice investigate the matter with a view to prosecuting the guilty.

March 16.—Church people of all creeds offer up a united prayer in behalf of those suffering for their religious faith in Russia.

More than 70 per cent. of Yale undergraduates drink, according to a poll conducted by *The Yale Daily News*.

Secretary of Labor James J. Davis announces his candidacy for the Republican nomination for Senator from Pennsylvania.

March 17.—George W. Wickersham, chairman of President Hoover's Law Enforcement Commission, testifies before the Senate Judiciary Committee that there has been steady improvement in enforcement in the last few months, and says that 2.75 per cent. beer would not be a panacea for Prohibition discontent.

March 19.—The Senate adopts the Smoot-Walsh amendment to the tariff bill vesting in Federal courts the authority to decide whether any book or article shall be barred from the country on the grounds that it is obscene or seditious.

Directors of the Chase National Bank, Equitable Trust Company and Interstate Trust Company of New York City approve the merger of the three banks, with total resources of approximately $3,000,000,000, making the new institution the largest bank in the world.

President Hoover states that the practise of selling Federal offices in certain Southern States has been ended

Encouraged by $100

"Perhaps you will be interested to learn that I have succeeded in selling a short story to 'War Birds,' aviation magazine, for which I received a check for $100. The story is the first I have attempted. As the story was paid for at higher than the regular rates, I certainly felt encouraged."

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How do *you* KNOW *you can't WRITE?*

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Have you ever attempted even the least bit of training, under competent guidance?

Or have you been sitting back, as it is so easy to do, waiting for the day to come some time when you will awaken, all of a sudden, to the discovery, "I *am* a writer"?

If the latter course is the one of your choosing, you probably *never will write.* Lawyers must be law clerks. Doctors must be internes. Engineers must be draftsmen. We all know that, in our times, the egg does come before the chicken.

It is seldom that anyone becomes a writer until he (or she) has been writing for some time. That is why so many authors and writers spring up out of the newspaper business. The day-to-day necessity of writing—of gathering material about which to write—develops their talent, their insight, their background and their confidence as nothing else could.

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Many people who *should* be writing become awe-struck by fabulous stories about millionaire authors and, therefore, give little thought to the $25, $50 and $100 or more that can often be earned for material that takes little time to write—stories, articles on business, fads, travels, sports, recipes, etc.,—things that can easily be turned out in leisure hours, and often on the impulse of the moment.

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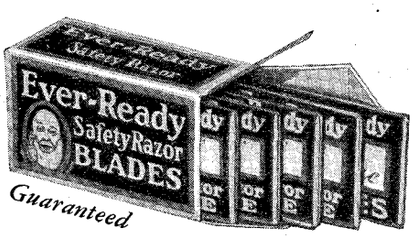

THE SPICE OF LIFE

Kindness First.—"What do you do when in doubt about kissing a girl?"

"Give her the benefit of the doubt."

—*Montreal Star.*

A Shocker a Day Keeps the Sheriff Away.—REGULAR CUSTOMER (to book-stall clerk)—"Here, boy!—you've given me a yesterday's Edgar Wallace!"—*Bystander.*

Howling Philosopher.—FOND FATHER—"Come, Tommy, even if you have hurt yourself a bit, you shouldn't cry."

TOMMY—"What's—crying—for—then?"—*Beacon Herald.*

Flattering Friend.—"After I'd sung my encore, I heard a gentleman from one of the papers call out 'Fine! Fine!' "

"Dear me! And did you have to pay it?"—*Sydney Bulletin.*

Mutual Emotion.—MISTRESS (discovering butler helping himself from cellarette)—"Robert, I am surprized."

BUTLER—"So am I, ma'am. I thought you was out."—*College Life.*

Winning Argument.—YOUTH—"I say, old thing—how on earth did you manage to talk your people round?"

FIANCÉE—"Never said a word—just kept slammin' the doors."—*Passing Show (London).*

Life's Darkest Moment.—SMITH—"Have you ever been in a railway accident?"

JONES—"Yes, once when I was in a train and we were through a tunnel I kissed the father instead of the daughter."—*Belfast News-Letter.*

Decorative Bargain.—LADY (with black eye)—"Look what I've just got in your lingerie department."

UNOBSERVANT SHOPWALKER (languidly)—"Beautiful, isn't it? Pay at the desk, please."—*Punch.*

Snappy Art.—HENRY PECK—"Do you think you can make a good portrait of my wife?"

ARTIST SCHRAM—"My friend, I can make it so lifelike you'll jump every time you see it."—*Art and Artists.*

Stage-Door Johnny.—"I took in the show last night."

"What did they have?"

"Educated fleas."

"How were they?"

"Fine. I took the leading lady home."

—*Army and Navy Journal.*

Boosting the Climate.—

Warm days comin' back again,
Song birds singin' in de lane,
Sly ole turtle on de rock
Got his little eyes half cock
At ole 'gator crawlin' out
On de bank to move about.
Warm day sun's a-shinin' hot—
Orter work, but 'druther not—
'Druther lay right down an' sleep
In de clover sweet an' deep.
Sky looks sich a pretty blue,
Cow gives sich a lazy moo.
Bees go buzzin' lazy by,
I kain't work, suh, ef I try,
Got to hit de woodland track—
Wid warm days a-comin' back.

—*P. H. A. in the Florida Times-Union.*

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ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE
in the New Family Size Shaker Top Tin

IT is so easy to shake into your shoes this antiseptic, healing powder that stops the pain of hot, tired, aching, swollen, tender, feet and takes the sting out of corns and bunions.

Keep a "shaker" handy for use before walking, dancing, golf or tennis and get the benefit of "play" in real comfort.

Allen's Foot-Ease is also put up in the regular (envelope) style package. The New Shaker top tin is more economical and handy to use. Sold everywhere. Sent by mail for 60c in stamps. Sample mailed free—address Allen's Foot-Ease, Le Roy, N. Y.

Allen's Foot-Ease

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"Threadneedle" shirts are cut and tailored to your measure from guaranteed pre-shrunk fabrics. Prices $3.00 to $5.00. Send for Free Samples and easy measuring chart.
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Instead of sowing seed, you plant stolons or the chopped grass—and in a few weeks you have a luxuriant lawn like the deep green pile of a Turkish carpet. Read all about this unusual grass in our illustrated booklet "Bent Lawns." Mailed on request.

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